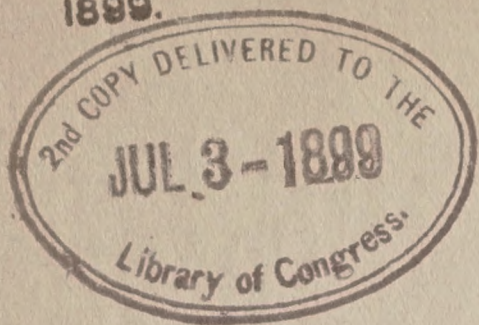


GRACE PORTER

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GRACE AT THREE YEARS OF AGE.

GRACE PORTER;

A JEWEL LOST AND FOUND.



By JOSEPH P. DYSART.



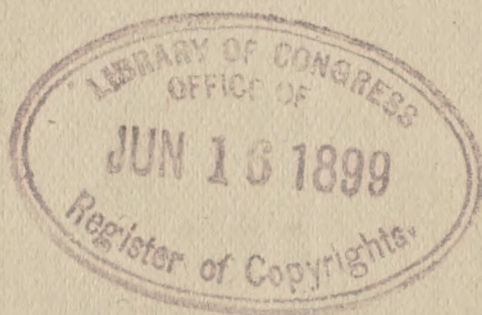
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DEDICATED
TO
MY WIFE.

FOREWORD.

"This volume, like Topsy "just grewed." The author at first thought he would write some sketches of little children placed by the Children's Home Society. The foster parents love to tell us of the strange prayers and wise little sayings of the children they have taken to their hearts. His memory is full to overflowing with these gems from childhood. Almost before he knew it the plan of this story unfolded itself. The philosophy is not his—that belongs to the Creator. The facts lay like threads in his hands—he started the loom—the resultant pattern lies before the reader. He said to himself, to hold the interest of the people there must be some fun mixed with the philosophy. He has stood on the shore of the Atlantic and watched the white-capped billows dash at his feet. The spray gives charm and zest. You would hardly care to linger if that were gone. That holds you, you wait—and, waiting, listen. This volume was not written for the foam but for the ocean. The bits of spray are put on the waves to keep the reader "Down by the sea" that he may listen to the billows of these truths about motherhood and Statehood as they break on the beach of his reason.

CHAPTER I.

Off for the Centennial.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help, given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life, can possibly give again.—Phillips Brooks.



READY at last," said Mrs. Pauline Porter late at night on the last day of September, 1876. "I am sincerely glad of it," said her husband David, "for these preparations have been a great tax upon you. Now let us try to get a good night's rest, and then we shall be ready for the morning train."

In an hour, when the old clock struck twelve, everybody in the farmhouse was fast asleep. At the first break of day the foot of that genius, called the "hired man," was heard on the stairway. Coming into the kitchen he is met with a hearty "good morning, Jim" from Mary, the maid of all work. "I guess you had better call Masther and Misthress before you go out to do 'the chores'."

"All right, Mary, O'im your obedient."

The Porters were called, and in a few minutes everybody was busy putting things to rights. It is astonishing how many odds and ends one must look after on the eve of a journey.

Reader, do you remember how many times you unstrapped your trunk before you went on that last visit? It takes about as much grace to get a trunk packed and ready as it does to put up a stove-pipe and have everything safe.

"Congratulations," said Jim, as he came in to breakfast. "It is a foine mornin'. There is not a sign of a cloud in the sky, only jist a bit of gray on the hill-tops."

"All right," said Mr. Porter, "that reminds me that we had a ruddy sunset last night, and you know that 'evening red and morning gray, sends the traveler on his way'."

Breakfast over, the family carriage is at the door. "Now, Mary, you will take good care of everything, won't you, while I am gone?" said Mrs. Porter.

"I will do my best."

"I know you will, and I will bring you something real nice from the Centennial."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Only half an hour to train time, Jim. You had better drive a little faster—and yet, as we have our tickets through to Philadelphia and have nothing to do but check our baggage, fifteen minutes is plenty for this short mile. You know as much about the old farm as I do, Jim, and you will just be David Porter while we are away."

"Don't worry a minute about things at home.

Trust me for that. You folks should jist have as good a time as you can; Centennials are ruther scarce. Get up, Nelly! there's the whistle over at the nixt station."

David Porter felt a little pang of regret at leaving, even for two weeks, the farm he had inherited from his father. It had become, in truth, a part of his life. "A townsman may be born in one city, educated in a second, married in a third, and work in a fourth. His houses are but inns, which he uses and forgets; he has no roots, and is a vagrant on the face of the earth. But the countryman is born and bred, and marries, and toils, and dies on one farm, and the scene he looks at in his old age is the same he saw in his boyhood."

Besides Jim and Mary, the Porters leave behind them only Grandma Porter, who for years has been a widow, with only David, the youngest of her twelve children, left in the old farm-house. Ten noble sons and daughters have gone out, one by one, into happy homes of their own. One little lamb had been taken to the Shepherd's bosom.

The train was on time. There were hurried partings of many fond hearts—a whistle—the wheels are moving, handkerchiefs flutter from open windows, and the long journey is begun. Three hours to Milwaukee, then two more, and Chicago is reached. Here they found they could make the best connections for the East by waiting until 10 o'clock at night. A

policeman advised them to visit Lincoln Park, and here they spent a restful, joyous afternoon. The leaves, untouched by frost, had rounded out their brief life and delighted the eye with the colors of the rainbow, in endless variety and combination. The sportive fish, without fear of man, darted here and there in the pellucid waters. What attracted their attention most were the water-lilies, in three shades (the colors of our national emblem)—red, white and blue. In low, tender converse about loved ones, the beauty with which the Infinite Hand hath touched the earth, and kindred topics—converse such as becomes two lives that are completely harmonized in faith and love—the afternoon of a perfect autumn day is quickly passed. As the sun is setting, and the peace of twilight falls on trees and walks and shady nooks and blushing flowers, the hush reveals something unnoticed before—the sad cadence of wavelets, as with measured rhythm they break forever on the beach.

“What a priceless blessing this beautiful spot must be to thousands of aching hearts, David! and what strength and inspiration must here be given to many who are ‘weary and heavy laden’.”

“Yes, Pauline, that is true; the gems that crown the city are the parks, where the poor man can get a sight of the grass and the breath of the great lake again puts the roses on the wan cheek.”

“And David, what an antidote to atheism!”

"True, true, Pauline. 'All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made.' "

At ten o'clock Chicago is left behind, and in the afternoon of the next day Pittsburg is passed. In the glow of twilight they sweep around the Horse-shoe Curve on the Pennsylvania R. R. "I passed by here once," said Mr. Porter, "when the full moon was shining, and I will never forget how beautiful appeared a little lake that slept in the lap of the valley, hundreds of feet below."

When Harrisburg was reached they decided, as Philadelphia was full of strangers, it would be wise to rest there, and complete the journey in the morning. Coming to the depot at an early hour, they noticed a crowd gather on the platform. Curiosity prompted them to ask the reason. In answer, they were told that an abandoned child had been found, without a clue to her identity. It is said that a certain kind of twig, held in expert hands, will turn toward the earth and reveal hidden springs of water; so the sight of a helpless babe will open undiscovered fountains of mother-love in the heart of a woman.

"Husband, you know that I have long wanted to take a baby girl, and this is my chance."

"But, wife, you couldn't take her to Philadelphia."

"I know that," said she, "but for the sake of the child I will give up the Centennial."

"But you don't know anything about her or her parents."

"She looks," Mrs. Porter replied, "as if she is bright and healthy, and I don't care anything about her ancestry. If we don't know them, neither do they know us, and so can never interfere. Something says to me, here is a poor little birdling that has no nest, and it is my duty to nestle her in my bosom and carry her to our family tree in the West."

"I am content," said he; "the heart of her husband can safely trust a noble woman."

"You go on, and I will go back," said the wife.

"Not I," he replied. "I would be utterly unworthy of you if I should do that. I want to share in the sacrifice, and then we can together enjoy the fruitage of this self-denial."

So it was settled that the next train should bear them westward.

Resuming the conversation, Mr. Porter said: "Wife, your remark about this baby (I mean our daughter) being nestless reminds me of the story of Abraham Lincoln. One day the wearied President was taking a short walk in the White House grounds. His companion was both surprised and delighted to see him thrust his long arm under a bush, and tenderly lifting a frightened little bird, carefully placed it back in its nest. I thought of the story at once when I saw the baby in your arms. What shall we call this young lady?"

"Will you leave that to me and be satisfied?" said Pauline.

"Of course I will," replied her husband. "Upon you will fall the burden of the care, and you should have this privilege."

"Well, this is my thought," she answered. "It is by the favor of Heaven this sunbeam comes into our home, and so gratitude will give her the name of Grace."

Very little of interest transpired on the homeward journey. At Chicago the following message was sent to Jim Donahue, the hired man:

"Chicago, Oct. 5th. 1876.

Meet wife, me and Miss Grace on afternoon train.

David Porter."

CHAPTER II.

A Strange Home-Coming.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.—Tupper.



WHEW! What does that mean?" said Jim, when he read the telegram; "and who is Miss Grace, anyway? Oi niver heard of the loikes of her before. Have Masther and Misthress gone mad to come back in foive days?" Telegrams are common property in villages, and soon everybody was wondering what brought the Porters back so soon, and who was Miss Grace? What was the rest of her name? Was she big or little, old or young? The curiosity was so great that a crowd was gathered at the depot when the train arrived. The mystery deepened as Mr. Porter stepped off the train with a baby in his arms. People were almost beside themselves to know the story of this strange home-coming. The Porters, considering this their own affair, were silent. They quickly entered their carriage and were rapidly driven home by Jim, who seemed sort of awed by the presence of Miss Grace. But, though speech failed him, for short time, he was doing a lot of thinking. As when

the waters of a brook pile up behind a fallen tree, to break away in a torrent, so we shall soon have a flood of talk from Jim. Mary met them at the gate with open-eyed wonder.

"I promised you I would bring something home to you when we returned," said Mrs. Pauline Porter, "and here it is." As she spoke she turned down the veil and showed the rosy little face. "Oh!" was the only word Mary could find—it was all so sudden. When husband and wife had tenderly greeted the Grandma at the threshold, the baby was laid in her open arms, David joyfully saying, "Mother, I have the pleasure to present you our daughter. This is Miss Grace."

"I am glad to give the little lamb a place in my heart among the score of grandchildren with which God has already blessed me."

This was said in a quite, grateful way. The streams of love flow deep and silently in a Grandma's heart. In a few minutes, Jim, having stabled the team, comes hurrying in with his face turned into an interrogation point.

"Misthress, oi'm most dyin' to ask about the little lady. Is it Miss Grace yez call her? Shure, that's a swate name. Could a big shpalpeen of the loikes av me be afther takin' the little angel in me lap? Shure, I never brake a babby, though oi'm so big and awkward. Ish it on the platform of a depot yez find the innocent? But would n't I loike to choke the cruel

father and mother that could lave a rosebud loike that to be bitten by the frosts? But if she had n't been lost she could 'nt have been found, and she never would have been our babby. Oi'm jist thinkin' this will be a foiner place to work—though it's never been a bad one—and even the cat and dog will be happier. Here, Tabby and Bruno, come and see the little lady!" These household pets came cautiously forward, and with a low purr and a little bark gave Grace a welcome. "Shure" (and Jim's flood of words broke loose again), "you're a bit jewel that has dhropped out of somebody's ring, and you'll do foine to crown this childless home. If it was in the ould countree I would say you would loikely be a bud off the Royal tree. You're swate enough to be a grandchild of Queen Victoria herself. But you take her, Misthress Porter, before she makes a fool of me."

The next day a stream of people, rich and poor, old and young, came pouring into the home of the Porters to see Miss Grace. The telegram had fixed her name and rank. A gradual change came over the thought and life of this family. "A little child shall lead them."

It is a day of transfiguration when God sends a child for angelic ministry into a home. A new sun shines out of a new sky on a new world. The flowers are sweeter, the grass is greener, and the bird-songs have a new note of gladness.

Mrs. Pauline Porter, the new mamma, took the

care of the child upon herself. Recognizing the justice of it, she at once said to Mary: "This change in our life will throw more work upon you, and I will add \$3.00 a month to your wages. That is only fair and right." Mr. Porter, who frequently went to the house of some neighbor for an hour in the evening, now spent his time of leisure at home. He always was a man of studious habits. Now his reading turned toward sociology, and especially the rescue and care of homeless children. He became more domestic, day by day. He was a man of marked intelligence and spotless character. Something, however, was lacking, which Grace supplied. Ruggedness in character, as in rocks, is better of relief; and the love of a child, like tufts of moss, covers it over and adds to its beauty. David Porter was always strong; to this he now adds tenderness. The head once outran the heart, but now love overtakes thought; the emotions and the intelligence come to equilibrium. Mrs. Pauline Porter had a new birth into motherhood—in a day. Her heart was at rest before her home was reached. Grace simply touched the spring, and the marvelous music that belongs to maternity began to reverberate in her heart. The harmony is there; it only waits for little fingers. She would have been no more truly a mother, at the end of a week, if this child had been her own flesh and blood. A great rapture came into her life. Gratitude to heaven was her daily thought. This was tempered with a fear she

might prove unworthy, and her jewel be taken away. She had a new zest for prayer, and a new name ran through it like a key-note. If one word could describe her new-found life, its joy and calm, its hush and sweetness, it would be that full word, contentment.

Mary, the faithful domestic, had little to say, but evidently carried her manifold burdens with a lighter heart. On her way from room to room, apparently without plan and as if by instinct, she often happened to stop for a moment beside the cradle. It was noticed she went with a quicker step; her toil seemed more like play than work, and she was singing almost from morn till night.

The effect produced on Grandma, by the arrival of Grace, might be likened to the influence of autumn winds and sunbeams on the apple-orchard—the fruit is ripened and mellowed. The Bible declares the profoundest philosophy in life when it is said, “There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.” She had never withheld anything from neighbors and friends. There was, as a result, no trend toward poverty in her life. On the other hand, she had always been scattering her strength, her prayers, her love, herself. The action (action and reaction are equal) had clothed her face with an attractiveness that is never found apart from a life of purity and unselfishness. Her smile was like a

sunbeam; benevolence seemed to lurk in the corners of her mouth, and there was a charm even in her wrinkles. No one would mistake the face of a broker for that of a benefactor. There is a marvelous contrast between the features of one who has lived for himself, and one who has lived for others. In old age we come to look what we are. As the hands of a clock indicate the action of the mainspring, so chin and mouth and nose and eyes reveal the heart-life. "May no evil fall upon this little lamb that has come into our fold," was her daily prayer. That son of Erin known as Jim Donohue was as happy as a lark. He formerly spent his evenings in the village, and was sometimes seen in a saloon. Now he only cared to get the mail, stop a half hour in the grocery, and then go early back to the farm. He loved, betimes, to sit beside the cradle and softly sing,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Angels guard thy sleeping bed."

The neighbors declared he sometimes forgot himself and sang this lullaby to the horses while plowing in the field. This was probably a slander. The typical Irishman is so abundantly able to take care of himself that people will tell any sort of a story about him.

CHAPTER III.

Pauline's Practical Joke.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—Wordsworth.



ONE day, about a year after the baby came from far away to bless this Badger state home, Jim, who had long waited and wondered, said suddenly to Mrs. Pauline Porter: "Misthress, excuse me, but isn't it about toime the little angel was christened? I think I would be afther feelin' better if this were done, and as for Grace—God bless her—there is nothing too good for her."

"Wait a little longer, Jim"; and then aside she added, "Bless his dear heart, how he loves our child."

When Jim was gone, Mr. Porter said, "Wife, what did you mean when you told Jim to wait a little?"

"Guess," said she.

"How can I unlock your riddle, having not key?"

"David, what do you think our daughter will need above everything else as she grows up into girlhood and womanhood?"

"I should say the love and companionship of a brother."

"Exactly my thought. I can see that she is growing selfish already."

"If Providence will send us some poor, unloved little fellow, I'll be the happiest man in town," he replied.

Time and again this hope was expressed by him. She marked the longing of his heart, and gradually evolved a plan to satisfy him and bring Grace what she needed most. While this plan grew into a purpose, the ice of the long winter melted before the breath of spring, and this in turn gave way to the glory of summer. Again the cycle is completed and the harvest has come. Mrs. Pauline Porter is out leading her daughter along the roadway for an airing. They meet two children, a girl and boy, on their way home from school. When they have passed, Grace, looking up in her face, said in an earnest way:

"Mamma, wy tant I 'ave a 'ittle brover dest like 'at 'ittle dirl?"

"You little darling, would you like one?"

"Besser 'an anysine else, Mamma."

Again she said "wait." But soon her purpose grew into a resolution, and in soliloquy she said, "Before the month is over I will bring joy to the hearts of husband and child. With the abundance we have, and so many little children ready to perish, it would be wrong for me to hesitate. Besides, of all hunger, that of the heart is the deepest. It is both a privilege and a duty. I will go." A few days later she announced that she was going to the city to get a few little things they needed. The language

was carefully chosen. David failed to catch her meaning then; later, memory brought the words back to him. September 28th, 1878, finds Pauline Porter in a hospital. After looking along the whole row of little beds, she selected a little boy only three days old, saying: "I'll take this one because he is the most helpless."

"You are a wise little woman," replied the matron, "for love groweth out of helplessness."

Later, when on her way to the depot, a sudden fear arose. "This child is so little, maybe David won't let me keep him. Whatever shall I do then?" Presently she formed a new resolve. "I'll go the other way," and calling to the driver of the hack, she said, "Take me to the other depot." The middle of the afternoon, September 29th, found her three miles from home at the house of a dear friend. Her story is quickly told; then she added, "I am glad I came this way. Somebody would have known me on the other line, but coming this way my secret is safe. I have planned this thing, and it will come out all right if you will help. I will go around by the train, and then you and your husband drive across. Start a little after ten; that will bring you to our house about eleven. Put baby in a basket. Have him leave you with the horse down the road out of sight. Let him set the basket on the doorstep of the sitting room, ring the bell (I will sleep with one eye open), and then leave as fast and quietly as he can."

"All right, it shall be as you say," said her friend.

"A little after ten the lights are all out, and all—save one—are fast asleep in the farmhouse. Another hour passes. Clang! it is the signal.

"David, David, hurry and go downstairs, somebody has rung the bell!"

Five minutes later a voice calls up the stairs:

"Wife, come down quick, here is a little boy in a basket!"

When she reaches his side she finds that the fear that filled her heart has gone over into his. Looking into her face he says, in a pleading way, "Wifey, we will keep the little fellow, won't we?"

She readily assents.

Then he says, reverently, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John. Shall we call this little man John, too; he seems to have come from heaven?"

"If you wish," said she.

They sat watching the two children almost until the break of day. After hearing him express his wonder half a dozen times, as to who had brought the basket, she concluded it was safe, and made a full confession.

CHAPTER IV.

How to Become a Millionaire.

God sends children to enlarge our hearts, and make us unselfish: to give our souls higher aims: to bring round our firesides bright faces, happy smiles and loving tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day that He has gladdened the earth with little children.—Mary Howitt.



O you are the Providence of the family," said David to his wife, "and this is one of the little things you said the family needed."

"You are right; he is little, only four days old, and we needed him. I have an instinctive feeling we shall be proud of him some day, and you have heard that a 'woman's instinct is better than man's reason.' We will need him to manage the farm when we are old. Grace will need his manly strength, while she will bless him in return with womanly tenderness. And then, who knows but he may be needed to defend our country's flag?"

"Did you get any other little things for the family?" said he.

"Why, yes, some little dresses and shoes and a set of blocks and a little express wagon, and—but husband, I can't bear to have you feel unkind toward me. Your tone and manner suggest you are offended.

I would rather take John back than feel you are angry because I brought him."

"No, wife, I was just getting even with you. You played a practical joke on me when you sent me to get the basket. Now I was having a little fun with you. I am glad the lad is here, and nothing but death shall take him away."

As the farm-house was large and the sleeping rooms widely separated, the rest of the family were undisturbed by this midnight episode.

The morning was one never to be forgotten. Mary threw up her hands and exclaimed, "You will have to carry that boy on a pillow. Seems to me I never saw such a little fellow!" Grandma just opened her heart a little wider, as quietly as open the gates of dawn. As the traveler wanders among the ruins of some old castle of the middle ages, the guide will ever and anon touch some secret spring, and another room, as if by magic, will open before him. So there seem to be many hidden rooms in the heart of a loving grandma, that will quickly open at the touch of a little child.

"Pauline, do you know anything about his parents?" said grandma.

"Not very much, mother, only that he is healthy in mind and body, and that is all I care about. If our home is what it ought to be, he will grow up to be a good, intelligent member of society. I agree pretty well with our doctor, I think, who says that

‘every baby is born with a heathen soul which the home must convert.’ If he only goes the right way under our influence, that is enough.”

“That reminds me,” said grandma, “of the story of Philip Henry, the father of Mathew Henry, the commentator. He won the heart of a nobleman’s daughter. Her parents objected to their marriage, saying, ‘Where did this young man come from?’ ‘I don’t care where he came from,’ said she, ‘I know where he is going, and I want to go with him.’ ”

“Right, grandma, the ‘going’ is of vastly more consequence than the ‘coming,’ the training than the heredity, the destiny than the origin.”

“A child, without doubt, inherits physical strength or weakness, but the mind is just about what we make it by the quickening contact with other minds. As for the highest character, that is built up like a granite building—stone on stone, chiseled by the hands and cemented by the hearts of parents. In doing this, tenderness is more needed than strength, and so the principal part of character-building falls to the lot of the mother.”

“God grant I may be able to build as wisely as you have, grandma, and that my children, like yours, ‘may arise and call me blessed.’ ”

The face of little Grace was a study. She watched him very quietly at first. It seemed as if she hardly dared to breathe lest he might vanish from sight.

Or, were the "Angels of the little children" whispering to her, and she bound by their spell? When she caught sight of his little feet (what is so cute as a baby's wriggling toes, anyway?) she clapped her hands with delight, exclaiming, "Mamma, 'des 'ook! how 'ed and how 'ittle." Then, summoning all her courage, she timidly touched them one after another, saying,

" 'Is ittle pid went to martet,

'Is un taid at 'ome,

'Is un had bed and butte'

An is un had none

An is un sed I tant fin' my way 'ome."

Finding the baby was not like an electric eel, and would not hurt, she next put her hand on the top of his little head.

"Hasn't he a nice, soft head?" said mamma.

" 'Es, nisch, soft 'ed."

Later, when she wanted to touch his head again, her mamma, being afraid she might press too hard, gently took her hand away. She was disappointed and said, "More, mamma, more."

"More what, my child?"

"More soft 'ed."

"Wife," said Mr. Porter, "I have figured out that these children have the same birthday. You remember we thought Grace was about a week old when we found her, and so we fixed on the 25th of September."

"Yes, that must be correct," said she. "It was the 28th of September they told me John was three days old."

Jim Donohue had been on a visit, and so knew nothing about a second bird coming into this home nest for several days. Mary told him in the kitchen when he returned. Bursting into the sitting room, he shouted, "Fath, I wish you much joy! First a girl and then a boy. Let me put me eyes on the little Apostle. I hear yez call him John. Shure, he looks as much loike his sister as two peas in a pod."

"Now Jim," said Mrs. Porter, "we are ready for the christening. We will take both of the children to our church the last Sunday of October, and give them this privilege. It is all arranged."

"Shure, and it's meself that will be there. And now, Misther Porter, oi would loike to ask, is it a wake the bye has bin wid yez?"

"Yes, a week ago to-day he came."

"Oi'd loike to know how much you'd call him worth at the end of siven days?"

"Why, Jim, no money would buy him."

"If yez had to surrinder one, wouldn't yez rather part with the bye than with the ould farm?"

"Indeed we would not. These children are a part of our life, Jim, and nothing would induce us to give them up."

"That makes me think of a bit of a story I heard in the ould countree," said Jim. "No, I guess it was

down below Chicago, the first year afther I left the ould sod. An agent of a society that places children widout friends in ixcellent families, put a waif wid a family phwat had no child. Afthur some months he went out to see them. The mother's face shone as if it was the face of one of the howly angels. Spakin' up to her, he said, as he looked at the swate little flower in the cradle, lookin' as foine as any rose on a bush, 'Would ye be afther takin' a million dollars for yir babby?' 'No money would buy her,' said she. 'Then, fath,' says he, 'yir a millionaire.' Some time after this man tould a big audience, at a meetin' for orphans, phwat the woman said, and how he told her, 'Shure, and yez are a millionaire.' Then the man said, 'There's a lot of millionaires here to-night, and yez niver found it out. Some of yez have some foine sons and ixcellent darters, or some of each, but jist because yez have but little gould ye think yez in danger of goin' to the poor-'ouse. Jist istimate yir wealth by countin' yir childern.' Next day a man grasped the hand of the spaker on the strate, and with his big round face shinin' with joy, said, 'Oi'm very glad I heard yez spake last night. I thought I was very poor, but when I heard phwat the woman who took the babby said, I jist thought it out, and fath, oi'm rich—very rich; oi'm worth twelve millions.' ”

And so the Porters had gained wealth rapidly—two millions in two years.

CHAPTER V.

Two Girls Escape From a Captivity Caused by Selfish Greed.

*"If nights were only twice as long
'Twould be a splendid thing;
Cause don't you know, when you're tucked up,
Sometimes your mother 'll sing;*

*And then you lie and watch the stars
Or maybe there's a moon;
And then you get all nice and warm
And sleepy pretty soon."*

Eliza Lincoln Gould.



BENEVOLENCE is like leaven—it works through a whole community. The kindness of the Porters become contagious. Two families, whose farms joined the Porter homestead, James and Thomas Andrews (brothers) had three boys each, but there was no daughter in either family. Under other circumstances they would have hardly done more than give this a passing thought—perhaps, at times, have felt an unexpressed regret. The author, after nearly fifty years, has never forgotten his sense of loss, when the death angel carried away his baby sister and left him only the companionship of a brother. He has always felt that he would have been a truer, manlier man, had her sweet face continued to brighten his childhood days. It seems to him, even now, as if a part of his heart was buried in that

little grave. Oh, boys, appreciate the priceless value of a sister, and she will prove the jewel of your life! Thomas Andrews once had a daughter, whom the Shepherd needed in His heavenly flock, and called her above during the tenth summer of a beautiful life.

The sunshine Grace had brought into the Porter home awakened a longing—still unspoken—in the hearts of both of these families. Even then they would hardly have taken any steps to complete their family circle, had it not been for a tea-party at the home of David Porter. Jas. Andrews was congratulating them on their good fortune in finding two such bright and beautiful children.

"There are others that need homes," said Mr. Porter. "I am reminded this moment that only yesterday I had a letter from a friend in the city, who is intensely interested in two homeless girls he wants to place in good families. I am impressed, my neighbors, that this is a golden opportunity for both of you. The girls are friends already. They would be happier still if you would only make them cousins."

"Where are they now?" said Mrs. Jas. Andrews.

"Inside of four brick walls, and have no mother," Mr. Porter replied.

"Were they committed for some crime?"

"Oh, no," said he. "It is the old story of children, unloved and hungry; a zealous officer and accommodating court commissioner, both of whom get liberal

fees, but keep no proper record. Only a Court of Record should ever commit a child anywhere. My friend writes that the officer who worked up this case took both girls at once, but charged the County double price, as if he had made two journeys. The board bills in the institution have cost the County nearly one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) already. They grew weary of this burden and asked my friend to help them roll it off. The Chairman went with him and asked to have half a dozen children, found there, given back to the County. The managers referred the matter to their lawyer. Then one legal technicality after another was thrown in the way. Finally these were brushed aside in the case of these two girls, and you can have them. What do you say, my friends?"

"But if we should not love them?"

"My friend would bring them to you," said Mr. Porter. "It can only be determined by trial, whether a child will fit a home, by living in that home. He will prefer to come again after a few weeks and remove them, if you have not taken them into your hearts. You should make allowance for these girls. They have been in the big building, living an artificial life so long, that they will be 'institutionalized'; and, as Lyman Beecher used to say, it will be some time before 'nature begins to caper.'"

"How long have they been herded there?"

"About four years."

"How sad that is. My mother-heart has never quite healed since Jennie was taken away, and it now bleeds, it bleeds, for these motherless girls," said Mrs. Thomas Andrews. "Please write to-night—no, telegraph—Mr. Porter, to bring one of them to me to-morrow."

"I can't bear to think of their being separated entirely; I will take the other," said Mrs. Jas. Andrews. "And you, sister mine, must take your choice; that is due to your bereaved heart. I never have known such a pang—I will take the other." So it was settled and the telegram was sent.

"Come and see our pets in their cribs," said Mrs. Porter, as she led the way into the room where Grace and John lay wrapped in the sweetest slumber earth ever knows—that of innocent childhood.

"Let me see, how old are the children now?" said one of the ladies. "A month ago we celebrated their birthday—September 25th. Grace was then three and John a year old," replied the mother. "This little girl," said Mrs. Porter, "is 'cuteness' itself. She stayed at church with her father last Sunday for the first time. When they came home I asked her about the service, and she said, 'Oh, the folks they sing'd two or three times and the preacher he prayed, and then we tum home.' 'Didn't the pastor preach?' 'Oh, 'es, a long, long time.' 'But what did he say?' 'Oh, he des talked and talked and talked, but he didn't say anysing.' I told our pastor yesterday when he

called, and he laughed as though he would fall into hysterics. And her prayers! I never heard anything so original. It is probably six months ago when I taught her, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' getting her to repeat it word by word, until I said, 'Amen.' She said 'A-man.' Then, jumping up and looking around the room, she inquired, 'Oh, mamma, where's the man?' One night, maybe a month ago, her prayer took this form, 'God bless all my dear friends, and *keep* them blessed, then I won't need to ask every night.' "

"What a genius she must be. I am reminded of a little 'tootsy' philosopher in Michigan, who, asking for God's care for every member of the family, added, earnestly, 'And Lord, please tate dood tare of oorself. If anysing should happen to oo we'd do all to smash.' " This was told by Jas. Andrews.

Mrs. Porter, resuming, said, "Only to-night Grace said (her heart is always going out toward orphans), 'Lord, I thank thee for my dood home and my kind papa and mamma, and please find nice homes for all the 'ittle homeless boys and dirls.' "

"Oh, the blessed little unlocker of hearts, her prayer will be partly answered to-morrow," said Mrs. Thos. Andrews, standing beside the crib of the child. "How beautiful she looks. I feel as though I wanted to pinch her cheeks to make sure she is flesh and blood. She looks for all the world like the dream of an artist, and reminds me of the face of Evangeline."

As they filed out, lingering and looking back from the doorway, Mr. Porter bent over Grace to tuck in the covering. The child stirred, opened her eyes, threw her arms about his neck, drew him to her, and, kissing him, she murmured, "My dear papa, I love oo so." Her arms relaxed, and in a minute she was asleep again. He quietly said, "She is sometimes naughty, but this is the compensation."

On the evening train next day Mr. Porter's friend, Mr. Edwards, brought the girls, who would now be cousins through all the years. The families were greatly pleased, and all their hearts opened to them, as the rosebuds open to drops of dew.

"I shall call my daughter Jennie, in memory of her who has gone to the beautiful land," said Mrs. Thomas Andrews.

"And I," said Mrs. Jas. Andrews, "will call my daughter Agnes in honor of the only daughter of our friend who brings her here."

"Thank you," said Mr. Edwards, "it will be greatly appreciated. It was very pathetic," he added, "to see these girls as they came into the country. They stood by the window, and clapped their hands with delight as they saw the cattle in the fields, and the brilliant leaves that still linger on the tree-tops. Oh, friends, every child ought to come into close communion with nature. There is a very important and intimate relation between the under-sole and the over-soul."

"I hope to see the day," said Mr. Porter, "when bright children, like these, will never see the inside of an institution. I shall dedicate my efforts, in due time, to bring that about. These girls will be lonely for a few days, but that will pass off, and the motherhood of these homes will do the rest."

As Mr. Edwards took his leave next morning he quietly said, "I will leave you two copies of some verses I wrote yesterday on the train, a copy for each family." They were read with delight after he had gone.

In His Name—who says to thee
" 'Tis not your Father's will on high
That one such little child should die—
Forbid them not to come to me."

In His Name—who says to thee
"Because of such God's kingdom is—
Except ye be a child like this
Ye cannot heaven's kingdom see."

In His Name—who says to thee
(Pointing to an infant mild)
"He who receiveth one such child
Receiving him—receiveth me."

In His Name—this child to thee
Cometh helpless and unblessed,
Lead thou this homeless heart to rest;
And as thou ledest—God lead thee.

CHAPTER VI.

A Rare Day in June.

Children are what the mothers are.—Landor.



THREE year and more had rolled away (How fast the time flies when children gladden the home!) with but little change in the Porter family, only the children were a little larger, and the father and mother a little nobler. Jim and Mary were a little happier (the old kitchen could tell the story now if had a tongue), and grandma's face beamed with an added ray of heavenly light. A cousin of Grace and John was there on a visit — little Edith Wilson. The girls were about the same age. They were playing together one day in the sitting room. Mrs. Porter, busy with her sewing, enjoying at the same time the music of the children's voices, heard Grace say to Edith, "Shall I tell you an earthquake story?"

"Oh, yes," said Edith, "that will be nice."

"Many, many years ago, most eight I guess, when I was in a great big city—I was born'd there, you know—it just begun to shuck right up and down, shuck right up and down. I fell down and most broke my head."

"Honest?"

"Oh, no, that's just a story."

Next Sunday Grace took Edith and John for the first time to Sunday-school. Coming home, she said, "Mamma, the teacher talked about heaven. Where is heaven, mamma?"

"I don't know, my child."

"Did grandpa go there?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him go?"

"No."

"How did he go, mamma; with horses or on the cars?"

"I don't know, Grace."

"I wish I could find out what kind of a place heaven is, and how folks get there."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you, daughter. Wait until you get big, and then you will know."

After a few moments' pause: "When I get big, will I know more than you do, mamma?"

Silence.

That night her prayer included all the loved ones by name, became expansive until it embraced Jennie, Agnes, Edith, all the little homeless boys and girls as usual, and ended (that no one might be left out), "Lord bless everybody you have a mind to, but be sure to look after *our* family."

During Edith's visit Jim was sent to take Mrs. Pauline Porter and the three children to spend the

day beside one of the most beautiful lakes that add a wonderful charm to the scenery of the Badger State. It was one of the rarest of all days—a sunny day in June. The Andrews girls were invited and rode their ponies. As Mr. Porter had prophesied, motherhood had been doing its silent, beautiful work, and the blessed results appeared in every line of their bright faces. They were just as happy as they could be. Their cup was running over. Several of the Andrews boys had ridden over in a buggy. Anybody could see what a great change had been wrought in them; a sort of polish had been given, if that term may be applied to boys as well as boots. Happy the youth who has the companionship of a sister! There is usually a great lack of courtesy and gentleness in the life of one who is sisterless.

Between rowing and wading in the water, eating luncheon and listening to the bobolinks, the delightful hours were soon ended. The beautiful pages of nature's book led Grace to think of an Author, and she said, "Is God everywhere, mamma?"

"Yes."

"Does he see everything?"

"Yes."

"Does he know everything?"

"Why, yes, why do you ask?"

"Why, when I disobeyed this morning and stayed in the lake longer than you told me, and saw a sad look on your face, I wondered if God would know that the kiss I gave you meant 'Forgive'?"

"Oh, you dear child! So you would get back into your mother's heart by the way of theology. I wonder if there are any pathways of thought untrod-den by the feet of children!"

The homeward journey led them through the vil-lage, and a stop was made at the post-office. Mrs. Porter wanted a stamped envelope, and said, "Grace, you go in and get it."

"Mamma, I never went anywhere," said four-year-old John. "Please let me go."

"All right, my son, here are three cents. Get me a stamped envelope."

It is a day of great responsibility when a boy goes on his first errand—makes his first purchase. With a self-conscious step he hurried as fast as his little legs would carry him. The postmaster saw him coming, and looking down, kindly, said, "Well, my little man, what do you want?"

"Please, sir, my mamma sent me to get three cents' worth of stamped antelope."

The man caught his meaning, and John had established a business reputation. Ever after he will be his mother's right hand man. Farther down the street John caught sight of a goat. "Oh!" said the delighted child, just see that little cow with the long whiskers." Everybody laughed, of course. Then Jim was reminded of a story. "Shure, that billy goat is afther makin' me remimber a story of a man as had a bye phat was hard to manage. A man asked

him if he knew of any raisin why the bye was so headstrong. 'Be jabbers,' said he, 'I think it is because the little fellow was raised on goat's milk.' " The children were so tired, they were sent to bed before sundown. A few minutes later Mr. Porter reached home from a journey. He and his wife sat talking two rooms away, with all the doors open between. They supposed little John was asleep, but he heard and knew his father's voice. They were both surprised to hear him say, slowly and sweetly, "I'm dlad my papa's home." The heart of the child had spoken to the heart of the father, and he will hear that voice as long as he lives. Thus ended a day that will always be fragrant in the memory of the Porter family.

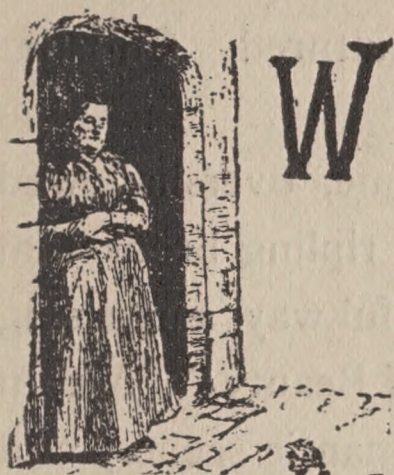


THE PORTER FARM HOUSE.

CHAPTER VII.

A Sunset Summer School.

The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides and country houses than anywhere else.—Sydney Smith.



WE ought to say now, as we had omitted it before, that Mr. and Mrs. David Porter were people of a good deal of intellectual culture. Mr. Porter had taken special studies, for two years, at the State University, after completing his full course at the High school. He had also mapped out and completed the reading of courses of literature, especially in history and sociology. He kept close watch of current events, and had a sort of intuition in reading the minds and motives of men. Above everything else, he was an optimist, and was willing to work and give for the promotion of every noble cause. He lived for others almost entirely, and so, it goes without saying, he was very happy. Mrs. Porter was a graduate of the Conservatory of Music of Ripon College. She had received a thorough training in this beautiful art. Having a piano in her own home, she gave a little time

every day, so that her hands might not forget their skill. She had a new motive now, as she had discovered that Grace possesses musical powers of a high order. Mrs. Porter was gifted also as an impersonator, and sometimes, at the solicitation of friends, would render some gem of poetry in a very charming way. In brief, she was a good representative of a class who form the very basis of the highest civilization—an intelligent, noble, cultured, Christian woman.

They lived in a fine rural home, overshadowed with graceful elms, and near by a rippling brook that curved here and there in a wonderful way, surpassing in its grace even "Hogarth's line of Beauty." Within a few years—on account of the romantic scenery and the restfulness of these roomy homes, through whose open windows the zephyrs of night gently wafted the scent of the new-mown hay, blended with the aroma of the wild flowers—many people came hither from the cities for their summer vacation. A few years of life will reveal to anyone that the good things are not all in one place. It is a good thing for the dwellers on the farms to visit their friends in the city. It reveals a new world. It broadens and beautifies their lives. But methinks the greater blessing comes to the denizens of congested cities, when they escape from the burning pavement and reach God's green fields. Children especially should come into close touch with nature. There is weakness in the

character of the youth who never climbs a tree nor wades in a brook. Physical, mental and moral health require kite-flying and many a chase after the butterfly. The more reciprocity between city and country, the better for all the people. To get as much mutual benefit as possible from the presence of the city visitors, David Porter started what he laughingly called a Summer School of Sociology. He wanted to get all the light he could on the problem of homeless children. These twilight meetings were held on the broad veranda of the Porter farm-house, from seven to eight o'clock, two evenings each week, during the month of July, 1883. Some twenty friends from various cities gathered after their six o'clock tea, and found restful spots not far apart in hammocks, lounges and easy chairs. Everything was informal. After the introductions were over, Mr. Porter said:

“Ladies and Gentlemen—Grace, who is sitting on my knee, and Master John over there in his mother's lap, are our adopted children. That is no secret. We feel sure it is best for us to teach them this truth in a loving way, rather than have them shocked by having someone outside of the family tell them, as they will, in anger. I have heard of children whose hearts were almost broken in this way. We have learned to love our children very fondly, and our hearts, as a result, go out in tender sympathy toward every homeless child. I am anxious to learn the best way to train them for noble citizenship. Of one thing I

am firmly convinced already. Any plan that is unnatural is injurious. But I want you to do the talking. Tell us something, please, that you have heard or read; or, better still, something you have seen. This lady by my side is the best of mothers. 'Her son arises up to call her blessed.' Mother, we wait for you."

"Neighbors—I have given my life to training a large family for God and my country. I have not lived in vain, and my life, especially since these little people came, has been a daily rapture, and God gives me 'songs in the night.' Instead of telling you of the nest, of which I was the mother-bird, years and years ago, let me repeat a story my niece, who was matron of an Orphan Home, told me a few weeks ago. She said: 'There were usually about a dozen children, boys and girls, in our building. I wanted, oh so much, to be a mother to every one of them, but I found I could not do it. They asked for bread, and I only seemed to have a stone to give them. My heart is loving enough, but as our emotions are not under control of our will, I could not love like a mother. The cottage seems to melt the heart, but the great building congeals it. I was completely disappointed. I tried and tried again, and I finally had to say to myself, I am only a matron; I can never be a mother here. Her love is individual; it flows out to separate persons; but here I am expected to love a "miscellaneous crowd." The fault is not in me, but in these

conditions. 'They are abnormal, and I am powerless. But what pained me most,' continued my niece, 'was what I saw of the Management. About half a dozen excellent ladies had it in charge. They rarely ever came into the building. They did not know the children by sight—hardly knew their names. They never put their arms about them, or looked down into their faces, or gave them the benediction of a smile. If only the little eyes could have looked into sympathetic faces and have seen some tear drops in their eyes, they would have read the meaning, and it would have been to them like a stray sunbeam breaking through the clouds; it would have been a crumb to their hungry hearts. But no, they rarely ever came near us. Once in a while one or two of them (they were wealthy), would stop their carriage in front, call me out, give some directions, and drive away. I was their *proxy*. One day an agent of a home-finding society, incorporated and entirely responsible, offered to take charge of all the children and place them very carefully in excellent families, and keep a faithful oversight of them afterward, and they would make no charge for this service. What was their answer? It was costing the community fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500.00) a year to support the Orphanage. The Managers would not even consider the proposition.' "

"Grandma," said one of the gentlemen, "pardon

the interruption, but can you tell us the reason for such a refusal?"

"My niece found out after a while. They expect to get a large bequest from a will."

"Am I then," said the same gentleman, "to infer that these orphans are kept with a Matron and refused mothers, to have an Orphanage and to get money? It seems to me that is putting the cart before the horse."

"You must draw your own conclusions. I am only relating facts," said grandma.

"Is your niece there still?"

"Oh, no, she saw that hungry look in the little faces day after day; a look she was powerless to drive away and realized she was ministering to the pride of Charity; that she was merely a substitute for others, who gave only their money to a service to which they ought to have given themselves. She resigned, saying to her friends she would never again have anything to do with a charitable 'fad.'"

"Sensible cousin," said Mr. Porter. "Thank you, mother."

"That is about my idea of the best way to conduct our Summer School. Who will be the next to speak? We would be pleased to have some friend give us something from his own experience."

After a little pause of courtesy, Mrs. Hamilton, a lady from a neighboring village, said, "We took our only child, Helen, from an institution in the East.

My heart had for years yearned for the companionship of a little girl. One morning I saw this little motherless lamb, when paying a visit to an Orphanage. I was looking for a child to adopt. I thought and prayed over it during the day. About dark I went to bring her away. She was asleep. The Matron wakened her. She was asked if she would like to go with the lady she saw in the morning and have her for her mamma. 'Oh, yes,' said she, bounding up as a startled rabbit runs into the thicket. She could hardly wait to be dressed, she was so eager to be gone. That night I carried her away in my arms. (She was four years old then.) When I took her in my lap to rock her asleep I noticed she shut her eyes as close as she possibly could. 'Why do you do that, Helen,' I said. 'They made me do it,' said the child. 'If I didn't, they put their fingers on my eyes.' She soon unlearned this, and only closed the little windows of the soul when the lids became so heavy the props gave 'way. Several times after we came home," continued Mrs. Hamilton, "I saw Helen sit down in her little chair, when something made her sad, and though the tear-drops rolled down her cheeks, I never heard so much as a sigh. The sobs that ought to have been on her lips were imprisoned in her little heart. She had been taught this also in the Orphanage."

Mr. Porter, glancing around the circle, noticed that every eye was bedewed with tears.

Mrs. Hamilton went on, after a moment of suppressed emotion, as some one has said, "with tears in her voice": "Soon after this I was prostrated with erysipelas. It covered my face and neck. Helen would come and stand beside my bed. Her hunger for mother-love was written in every line of her face. I could not give her kisses, my usual token of love, so she kissed my fingers, and in her eagerness she even kissed my feet."

"'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth the soul after God,' and a child for a mother," said Mr. Porter.

For the sake of variety, other kindred topics were briefly discussed, of which no record was made. Mr. Porter then said: "This is Friday; suppose we adjourn until next Tuesday. Is there any further business?"

"I would request Mrs. Pauline Porter to sing for us before we go," said Mrs. Hamilton.

A general clapping of hands expressed a unanimous wish, and Mrs. Porter graciously assented.

"Please come into our family room, then," she quietly replied.

Lightly touching the keys, she thrilled every heart by her soulful rendition of this song:

"There's never a rose in all the world

But makes some green spray sweeter;

There's never a wind in all the sky

But makes some bird wing fleeter;

There's never a star but brings to Heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawn-light gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Little Red School-House.

We had a school-house at a small distance. Our teachers were persons whom we loved and honored. I remember them all with great affection.—Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.



“EXCUSE me a few minutes,” said Mrs. Pauline Porter. “It is bedtime for our children.” Most of the friends took an informal leave, and when she returned, only the two Mrs. Andrews and their guests—two gentlemen and their wives—remained.

“I almost envy you the possession of those two beautiful children,” said one of the ladies.

“If you care to hear them, and will be seated, I will tell you some of their strange speeches,” said Mrs. Porter.

“The oddities of children are to me a constant surprise. They fill me with laughter, which does me good like an elixir. I feel younger, and my husband declares I look younger, than six years ago. It is certainly a blessing for a childless family to receive some of these little people into their homes. But I am wandering away from my subject. It must have been last March that Grace, having grown tired of

the long winter, put her longing into her prayer one night. Let me explain that she and John like to play in the summer along the brook, and she always calls the brook-side the beach. After remembering us all and Jennie and Agnes, she added, 'O Lord, please send us summer. I am so tired of the winter, and I so love the beautiful flowers, and to see the lambs a-wanderin' on the beach.' I was just a little shocked one day at what seemed almost irreverent. 'Mamma,' she asked, 'does God know everything?' 'Yes, my child.' 'Does he see everybody?' 'Yes.' 'Does he see us all the time—does he see me just now?' 'Yes, Grace.' 'Oh dear! I wish he wouldn't stand and watch me every minute.' "

"She is human, sure enough," said one of the gentlemen. "That was the feeling of Adam and Eve in the garden, and of hundreds of millions of people ever since. She has a wise head on those little shoulders."

"And little John," said Mrs. Porter, "is almost as waggish as his sister. I took him to the dentist a while ago—thought he would not hurt him as much as I would with a string. The dentist, looking at some of the other teeth, said, 'Do any of these ache?' 'Yes, lots of them,' said John, 'as many as four of them, I guess; two *he* ones and two *she* ones.' Truly, the classification made by a 'tootsie' is more than I can comprehend. Only a few days ago a tramp called. John was the only one in the kitchen just

then. He opened the door. This is the way he told the story to me when I came home: 'There-was-a-man-came-to-our-door- (he spoke very slowly) and-he-asked-me-if-I-would-help-him-on-his-way. And-I-couldn't-reach.' Bless his little curly head, he meant he could n't reach the bread and butter."

"Here is food for reflection—a hook on which to hang a moral," said the gentleman who had spoken before. How many of us who 'can reach' are so absorbed in our business, we do not take time to think over the wants of our fellow-men; and, as the result of thoughtlessness, we rarely 'help anybody on his way.' Then, on the other hand, how many there are who would gladly 'help somebody on his way,' but they 'can't reach'; they have neither money nor influence. What a blessed thing it is to see willingness and ability go hand in hand. I hope the words of the child will make me a broader and better man."

"Count me in the same list," said the other gentleman. "John's sermon (as I would call it) is the best I have ever heard."

"I have just one story more to tell about my little son," said Mrs. Porter. "The first Sunday I took him to church he was quite in the dark about what liberties belonged to a little boy. We were barely seated when his whispered questions began, 'Mamma, can I talk?' 'No, you must keep still.' 'May I sing, mamma?' 'Of course not, John.' 'Mamma, I must do something. Let me whistle "Marching Through Georgia" just a little.' "

"How are Jennie and Agnes doing in their school work?" said Mrs. Porter.

"First rate," said Mrs. Thos. Andrews. "We have talked it all over. The cousins are so much attached to each other, we cannot bear to separate them, so they will go together to High-school next year. When they graduate there we will send them to Lawrence University at Appleton. As we are Methodists, we prefer to send them to our own college."

"Grace," said Mrs. Porter, "has just begun to go to the 'little red school-house.' John will go next year. We fully believe in it. It lies at the base of our civilization. Reading the history of our country inside, and seeing the starry flag floating outside—it stimulates them to do their best, and starts them upward toward patriotic citizenship. We should all stand by the 'little red school-house'; it fuses together the different nationalities, teaches the highest ideals, instills true Americanism, prepares the boys for the ballot and the girls for regal womanhood."

"Amen," said several, in concert.

A few moments later one of the gentlemen said, "Friends, it is almost nine o'clock. I am laying up sleep in advance for next winter's use. I like to get ten hours at least. Pleasant dreams to you, Mrs. Porter."

"Good-nights" were said, and soon the angel of peace waved the wand of slumber over every dweller in all the beautiful valley.

Postscript:

The author is himself the product of a District School, near the Catskill mountains, New York. The school-house was little, and it was red. How his heart leaps up at every remembrance of it. How distinct the memory of the day he learned the multiplication table, standing with others in a row, with our toes touching a certain crack in the floor. He can, to this day, repeat the table backwards. He didn't believe in compulsory education then; he does now. Afterwards, when he was in the Academy preparing for college, a friend (also a graduate of the District School) used to amuse us boys by standing up and spelling a long list of words and giving their definitions, in exactly the same order they were given in the old Sander's Spelling Book. He learned them once when he was "kept in." For the sake of the State, to obtain the best citizenship, let us cling to our Public School System. Let us honor the "little red school-house" and keep our "bonnie flag" waving above it.

CHAPTER IX.

Twin Boys Find a Home and Loving Hearts.

*There are lonely hearts to cherish
As the days are going bye.*

—Hymn Book.



BEFORE the next meeting of Porter's Summer School a great event happened in the neighborhood. Everybody was talking about it. A month before this Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Campbell, who had two daughters, but no sons, had taken twin boys into their family. These boys, Charles and Fred Furlong, were nine years old, and looked so much alike that their father did not know them apart. Their mother was dead and their father was a cripple. By his request a Mr. Edwards, who was very fond of children, and was giving his life to the beautiful work of placing the dependents in good family homes, had taken the boys under his care.

Mr. Campbell said, "I want to adopt one of the boys. Let me take them both to my home, and within a month we will make our choice. Meantime, perhaps, you can find a home for the other."

Mr. Edwards wanted to keep them together. He had a hope that the Campbells would become

attached to the boys and keep them both. So Charles and Fred went out to the farm-house. Ten days later Mr. Campbell sent for Mr. Edwards. With sorrow he told him that Fred had stolen the purse of one of his daughters, and a ring belonging to the other. Mr. Edwards, who understands boys thoroughly, said, "Let me see the boy alone." He talked kindly to the motherless child. He won his heart at once. It was very fortunate, at this crisis of Fred's life, that he fell into the hands of a teacher instead of an officer of the law. As Mr. Edwards anticipated, Fred had no clear idea of the rights of others—had never been taught that it was wrong to steal. Still worse, he had been taught to pilfer by older boys in the town. His moral nature was undeveloped because of the unfavorable conditions that had surrounded his life.

When Fred saw the wrong, he restored what he had taken, and readily promised not to repeat the act. That boy is redeemed and will be a good citizen. Oh that all men would act in a rational way toward a child who takes a false step! We would have many less convicts in prison-cells.

As might have been anticipated, the Campbells decided to keep Charles. They returned Fred to Mr. Edwards. This was on a Friday afternoon. Mr. Edwards told them he would take the boy to another family on an early train next morning. Their hearts were touched, when they reached home, by the sad

look on the face of Charles. There were tears in his eyes. Their daughters had been weeping. Their home seemed to have lost half its brightness since the morning. It was a sad-faced group that gathered around the supper table. Nobody seemed to have an appetite. The silence was oppressive. There were no games and no music that night. By and by, without the usual good-night kisses, the children—Fern, Winnie and Charles—slipped away silently, one by one, to their rooms. It was the saddest night the children had ever known. Will they ever be happy again? An engine needs a safety valve, and so do men and women. They were no sooner left alone than Mr. Campbell said, "Elizabeth, this is all your fault!"

"William, you know you are to blame yourself. You were bound to take the child away."

"I say you told me to do it."

"Oh, William, what makes you talk that way! You know if it had not been for me you would have sent him away when Mr. Edwards was here."

And thus reproaches were bandied back and forth. It would serve no useful purpose to repeat them all. Do not be discouraged, gentle reader! Maybe you have had a similar experience. If so, you know these are hopeful symptoms. You do not need to be a psychologist to know that as the tempest is followed by the rainstorm, so anger with true-hearted people usually ends in tears.

In an angry mood, at a late hour, they retired. No sleep, however, came to either husband or wife. Each tossed about in a restless way. When the old corner clock was striking three, Mr. Campbell jumped out of bed and began to dress.

"What are you going to do now, William?"

"I am going after Fred."

"Praise the Lord! I am going with you," said his wife.

"You dear woman!"

"You are the best man in the world!"

The clouds have rolled away. The gentle rain-drops are falling. Peace has come again. When the lamp is lighted, reddened eyes reveal the night of anguish each has passed. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

"Elizabeth, if you will dress, write a note for the children and leave it on the table, telling them we will be back for breakfast, I will harness the team and be ready in twenty minutes."

"Yes, we had better hurry, for I think Mr. Edwards goes before six o'clock, and, oh dear! if he takes Fred away we will never get him, and then all our hearts will break." And thus they stole away almost as silently as the Bedouin folds his tent.

"The dear little fellow," said Elizabeth; "I was n't patient enough with him. But now I will pour my mother-love into his heart, and it will drown out all the naughty thoughts."

"That's the way, Elizabeth. Start another deluge. I know you will win. I feel sure Fred will never steal again."

The horses, urged on by eager people, never made the five-mile journey faster. All was quiet at Mr. Edwards' house, when, about half-past four o'clock, every sleeper was awakened by the repeated clanging of the door-bell. In a few moments a voice from an open window calls out, "Who's there?" It was Mr. Edwards speaking.

"It's us. We've come for Fred." They both spoke at once—William from the porch and Elizabeth from the carriage.

"Good. I am glad the dear boys will not be separated. I will come down and let you in as soon as I can."

Oh, what a home-coming that was! The children had read their mother's note. Every few moments a childish face was at the window and eager eyes looking down the road. A team comes in sight. "It's papa and mamma!" they shout. Then there was a foot-race. They stopped the horses. They demanded that Fred should be given up to them. Their parents capitulated, and the four happy children, arm in arm, walked back to their home. Who was watching this joyous scene? "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in Heaven." Guided by a father's counsel and shielded by a mother's love, Fred is safe. He will never steal again.

At nightfall, the wife said, "This has been the happiest day of my life."

"And no wonder," replied the husband, "for, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto the Lord.'"

The above story was told by David Porter at the Summer School on the next Tuesday. "The Campbells," said he, "live four miles up the valley. They are very worthy people, and I feel sure the boys will grow up to be noble men. I am going to ask you, friends, first of all, to draw a moral from this story."

Nearly all the score of people on the veranda responded to Mr. Porter's invitation. We have space for only a few of these replies.

"I believe that boy will be all right now," said Thomas Andrews. "A pure home will, in all ordinary cases, overcome what people call heredity. It will greatly modify and restrain in every case. Besides, there is little or no incurable heredity in a State only fifty years old, and the population so widely scattered. If there be any unconquerable heredity among children, it will be found in the crowded alleys of the oldest cities, like New York and London."

"I am glad Fred is in a clean, careful family," said Mr. Judson, a merchant, who was also a philanthropist, from Chicago. "If he had been sent for this theft to some Reform School (falsely so called), he would probably have been a burden to the State

the rest of his life. When will people learn that boys (and men, too) are for all the world just like apples? If you keep them apart, nearly all of them will remain good; if you throw them in a pile, they will all rot together. It is an outrage to send children to a penal Institution (as is done at the Bridewell, in Chicago) who have just graduated from their crib. Oh for a baptism of common sense! I hope the Twentieth Century will have a rational head and a Christly heart."

"I think," said Mrs. Hamilton, "we all have a duty in this matter. I have taken one who needed a mother. I should n't wonder, if this school continues very long, if there may not be room in my heart for another—perhaps some boy who has never been taught what is right."

"I wish," said Grandma Porter, "I was young again. I believe I would go about the city, like a lady in Minneapolis, and find, as she did, some poor sickly baby that no one else would take, and fold it in my bosom; or, if God gave me strength, keep on taking little fellows, of whom others had no hope, until my house was full to overflowing, like a doctor I have heard about in Michigan, who is said to have adopted twenty-four orphans."

"I see Jim Donahue is present," said Mr. Porter. "We are glad to have you here, Jim. What moral would you draw from the story about William and Elizabeth Campbell?"

“Why, Misther Porter, it seems to me loike a case of conscience. They were angry at each other, jist loike Adam and Eve, for the raisin they knew they had done wrong. That was phwat kipt them wakin’ and wapein’ till mornin’. The little bye wanted to stay in their hearts, and they pushed him out. Little wunder they felt condimned. A little story comes to me mimory. A man had played some trick on a fillow-man. In some mane way he overrached him jist loike as he had stolen his money. A sinse of wrong came over him, and he said, ‘Oi’ll be afthur writin’ him a letter and sind a check.’ ‘Dear Sir,’ said he, ‘Oi’ve wronged ye out of a lot of money. Me conscience gnaws and I sind some of it back. When it gnaws agin I will sind some more.’ If it’s a moral yez are askin’ afthur, Misther Porter, Oi’d say, when conscience gnaws thim Campbells agin they should take more twins.”

Grace, sitting on her father’s knee, glanced into his face with a troubled look and said, in pleading accents but little above a whisper, “You took me because you wanted me, didn’t you, and you’ll keep *me*, won’t you, papa?” A kiss was her answer. It satisfied her and drove the cloudlet from her face, which presently wore a look of perfect peace.

CHAPTER X.

The Harmful Repression of "Institutionalism."

*We are born to be grouped together, and brooded by love,
and reared day by day in that first of churches, the family.*

—Henry Ward Beecher.



SEVERAL successive meetings, following this one, were devoted to the discussion of various Sociological problems, such as the best care of the Insane, the conflict between Capital and Labor, and the wisest government of our great cities. Again they took up the matter of homeless children. Mr. Porter, who by their unanimous wish always presided, said, by way of introduction, "Friends, you will remember the story my mother told, about a month ago. She wants me to explain that she did not mean to denounce all Institutions for children. She recognizes that some of them have a sphere of usefulness. They are needed to provide for children whose homes are broken up, for a time, but will soon be rebuilt, and to which some day they will fly back as birds to a nest. Institutions are also needed for the feeble-minded, the badly crippled, and a few (very few) who are terribly criminal. She referred only to Institutions that keep dependent children, year after year,

who are bright in mind and sound in body, for the evident purpose of having an Institution. Think of it! No longer the Orphanage for the orphan, but rather the orphan for the Orphanage. When this is apparent, and the Management plume themselves on account of their goodness, I think my cousin was right when she called the Institution of which she was once matron a "Charity fad." How many of you agree with me? There was a show of hands, and the vote of approval was unanimous. Again, let me say that the people who managed the Institution where fingers were placed on the eyelids of little Helen Hamilton did not mean to be cruel. All the same, it resulted in the repression of the child-nature, and so was a cruelty. We will now give further consideration to this element of danger. Miss Jennie Andrews, who three years ago fled hither as a bird to her mountain, will read for us some directions used by a nurse in an Institution, and printed for general use in suppressing the cry of babes."

Miss Jennie read as follows: "When the babe comes into the nurse's hands, and first begins to cry, hold the hand tightly over the mouth so that all sound is stifled. Not hearing its own voice, and always feeling the discomfort of suffocation when it essays to cry, after four or five futile efforts, the child will not attempt to cry at all. The nurse pointed to the children in her own ward as proof of the efficacy of the plan; all were as mute as marble."

"How terrible," said half a dozen at the same time, and handkerchiefs were raised to several faces.

"I will repeat," said Mr. Judson of Chicago, "a story told recently by Dr. B. of New York. Said he: I visited an Orphanage, a few weeks ago, where there were eighty little boys and girls. I said to the Matron, 'What can you do when all these children cry at once?' My friends, that would be a predicament, truly. Think of half a dozen nurses trying to fold their arms around eighty children—a baker's dozen apiece. 'But,' she said, with deep emotion, '*these* children never cry.' 'What can you possibly mean?' said the visitor. 'Dr. B.', said the Matron, 'there is nobody here to cry *to*.' Oh, what pathetic words. When they fell on my ear," said Mr. Judson, "it seemed as though my 'head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears.' Nobody here to cry *to*. In heaven's name, give them somebody to cry *to*! Give them new mothers, and let them weep out their grief on their hearts. Matrons generally deplore this repression, and if the Management would listen to them, most of the Orphanages—all, in fact, except the kind Mrs. Porter spoke of as essential—would close their doors. Things that are opposite to nature are unequal to nature," continued Mr. Judson. "Then consider that this abnormal process forms a life-long handicap. They will go out of the big building at last without a penny, and poorer even in heart than they are in purse. The boy that has a home puts up

a telephone line as he goes out into the world. Whenever he is tempted or heartsick, he can sing out, 'Hello, mother, are you there?' 'Yes, my darling boy, what can I do for you? Remember, you are always in my thoughts.' Four walls take no interest in, have no memory of, the boy who has gone out into the battle of life. There is no 'Hello' for him."

"Have you finished, Mr. Judson?" said the chairman.

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you; there is a world of pathos as well as a profound philosophy in what you have said. I am reminded," continued Mr. Porter, "of a visit I made myself several years ago, to a Home, as they called it. I should explain that we went to a good many places looking for children before we adopted Grace and John. I was, at one time, waiting alone a few moments in the office of an Orphanage. I heard the voices of children in an adjoining room. They were apparently trying to sing. Why do I say trying? Because there was no gladness in it. It was what they had to do at that hour. The wheel was going 'round and the cogs must go along. The song of a child should be like the song of a bird—full of ripple and gladsomeness. But this had in it more of wail than of laughter. I immediately thought of the Hebrews in the land of bondage. Their captors said, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' But they said, 'We cannot do it.' The conditions made it impos-

sible. They were far away from their native hills and beautiful vineyards—far away from Jerusalem, ‘their chiefest joy’—and the graves of their fathers. ‘Rather let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,’ they said. ‘How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land? We will hang our harps on the willows.’ These words are as true to nature and as soulful as anything in all the realm of literature. Many, many an orphan is oppressed by a great building and hangs his harp on the willows.”

Mr. Porter was interrupted at the beginning of this sentence by deep sobs from Jennie and Agnes. They were living their old captive life over again in memory. “Thank God,” said Mr. Porter, “these noble girls have come to their native land.”

“Girls, what about your harps?”

“We have taken them down from the willows now,” said Jennie very quietly.

“Miss Agnes Andrews will read for us a brief outline of ‘Timothy’s Quest,’ and that will close the meeting to-night.”

“‘Timothy’s Quest,’ by Kate Douglas Wiggin,” said Agnes, “is a very fascinating book and clearly reveals the longing of the child-heart. Timothy had once enjoyed all the comforts of a Home with a capital H; but it was a cosy one with a little ‘h’ he desired for himself and his sister Gay. The Matron (where he had been some time ago) had tried to do her duty to all the children under her care; but it would be an

inspired human being indeed who could give one hundred and fifty motherless or fatherless children all the education and care and training they needed, to say nothing of the love they missed and craved. What wonder, then, that an occasional hungry little soul starved for something not provided for by the management; say a morning cuddle in father's bed, or a ride on father's knee—in short, the sweet daily jumble of lap-trotting, gentle caressing, endearing words, twilight stories, motherly tucks-in-bed, good-night kisses, all the dear, simple accompaniments of the home with the little 'h.'

"Out of this Home Timothy had been taken by Flossie Morrison, to be boarded with his little sister Gay. When Mrs. M. died, Timothy overheard some women say they would send the children to the Orphan's Home. His little heart rebelled at the thought, so he said to himself, 'When they are asleep I will get ready, take Gay, and steal softly out of the back door, and run away to the "truly" country, where none of these people can ever find us, and where I can get a mother for Gay; somebody to 'dopt her and love her till I grow up a man, and take her to live with me.' He hung his tattered straw hat on the bedpost, and knelt beside Gay's crib with this whispered prayer, 'Our Father, who art in heaven, please help me to find a mother for Gay, one that she can call Mamma, and another one for me, if there's enough, but not unless. Please excuse me for taking

away this Japanese umbrella, which does not exactly belong to us, for if I don't take it she will get freckled, and nobody will adopt her. No more at present, as I am in a great hurry. Amen.' "

After many trials the brother and sister found a family home in the country where side by side they spent many happy years.

CHAPTER XI.

Let the Little Sparrows Fly.

No orphan child, sound of mind and body, should be deprived of a chance in life in the best place on earth for a child—a good family home.—Anon.



BY invitation, Mr. Porter prepared a paper, which he read at the last meeting for the summer. His plan was to present a thesis that would offer a solution of the dangers of repression caused by “institutionalism.” Said he: “I want to make a solemn protest against the artificial, coupled with an appeal for the natural, in the culture of children. Children in families receive a normal training. The result is health and happiness. I make no plea for the ‘solitary who are set in families.’ Motherhood will develop this class, with relatively few exceptions, into good and useful lives. But what shall be done for a large class of dependent children who are not crippled or criminal, whom Heaven has endowed with a strong body and an active brain? If any of you, my friends, had a hundred birds, whose instincts crave the open fields and leafy woods, you would feel it was wrong to put them all in one big dry-goods box. You would say, ‘No, let them fly away to their separate nests.’ But if we want nests and leafy woods for these bird-

lings, in the name of common sense why not nests for children? How long will civilized communities consent to keep children caged in these enormous boxes? While writing the above sentences last night," continued David Porter, "my ears listened to the music of children's voices, who were saying good-night to their adopting mother. To one of them, a moment ago, I heard her call out, 'Good-night, sweetheart.' While I am writing in the parlor, and her voice is borne in from the sitting room, I hear her in gentle tones telling the boy some little story. And now, a few minutes later, as it is still, I suppose mother and child have gone to his sleeping room. (In the morning she tells me that the little fellow was so tired last night, he said, 'Mamma, I'm too sleepy to say my prayer; won't you please tell the Lord?')

"A few days ago," Mr. Porter continued, "I saw a gentleman holding an English sparrow in his hand. It looked cramped and fettered. A few moments later he went out of the door. Something had touched his heart. I met him as he returned. His hand was empty. 'The little thing,' said he, 'seemed happy to get away.' Oh, ye men and women who have little human sparrows in your hands, I implore you to open your fingers. The little ones will be crushed if you keep them there. Take them outside and let them fly. Your heart, like that of the gentleman, will sing for joy when you mark the happiness their liberty evokes.

“Oh, I wish I could get the ear of everybody who has power over them. I would plead with my heart in my voice, saying, My brother, my sister, open your hand and let the little sparrows fly. Nests are waiting; let them fly. It is my idea that the primary object in training children should be to make them noble citizens. These are the jewels of a nation. Some of you differ from me. You have a right to differ. You think your children, first of all, should be led by your teaching into the bosom of your church. Suppose we grant this proposition. You want your membership to be intelligent, loyal, useful. How can this be attained? Please look over the list of those who stand as the leaders in your church. Whence did they come? They were nurtured in families, not in Orphanages. They had Mothers, not Matrons. Please give all children now what you had when you were children. Does your mother’s sweet face rise up before you? Does memory bring back even now some of her tender words? In her name I ask you to give these little orphans something better to remember than four cold, blank walls. How can you rob them of the things that were best for you—the things that made you brave and strong? Come now, and let us reason together.

“A lady told me lately that she once saw some little boys of 4 years in an Orphanage, kneeling on a hard floor, repeating the Creed of a church. What will be the logical result, considering that this child

has a human nature? He can repeat some words, but that does not build character. Such children may learn religiousness—they will not learn righteousness. When they begin to reason they are likely to remember these things with a shudder; and it would not be very strange if they hate the church that makes their childhood so dark and desolate. Please do not march the little orphans about the streets in lines like soldiers; and then, as if going into a prison, take them out of sight of the fields and the flocks. Remember your own childhood—it was brighter than this. You can never raise men and women who will give your church regal service in any such way. ‘Tall sun-crowned men’ are the evolution of the godly family. These children, who are crushed like a sparrow in the hand, are likely, later on, to do one of two things—either apostatize from your church, or, staying in it, will be weaklings and worthless. I do not ask you to place the homeless children of your church in the families of my church. I would not have it that way if I could. Place them carefully in the very best families of your own church. This can be done, and well done, and will cost you ten times as little as your Orphanage. I pray you, give up man’s way and follow God’s plan instead. Open your hand and let these little sparrows fly away. I once saw Vinnie Ream, the sculptress, with artistic hand, molding the clay model for a statue of Admiral Farragut. Her face was a study. She was completely

absorbed in her work. She was oblivious of time. She cared not who was watching. Her deft fingers touched the heroic head here and there—raising a cheek, depressing the chin, lifting the eyelids a little, dropping the corners of the mouth, stepping back to look at it again and again, passing to the side to catch the profile—her face glowing with pleasure, her very soul thrown into her art. My friends, it was a sight never to be forgotten. Some of us have likely seen a sportsman preparing for a deer hunt. He melts the lead and pours it into the moulds. The bullets are all alike. This work is mechanical. He does not put himself into it. His eye does not flash with genius. There is no look of delight on his face. The mould is made ready for his hand. It is a work of routine. It could be done by anyone else as well. There is no room for skill. Contrast this sportsman and that sculptress. His work represents the spirit and life of ‘institutionalism.’ Like bullets, the children all come out of the same mould. The plan is to make them all alike. Individuality is lost. Put the little people rather into the hands of a sculptress. She has skill. She has love. She has genius. She has patience. Can we find them? Yes, the prototype of Vinnie Ream is found in millions of homes. There are two of them in my family. One of them fashioned me with loving hand. She is sitting yonder now. The other is busy, day by day, touching skillfully the mind, the conscience, the heart of these little immor-

tals, Grace and John; developing their lives into a 'thing of beauty which shall be a joy forever.' If I have the ear of those who have charge of the big buildings, hear the cry of a father's heart for the fatherless. Please do not put these boys and girls into moulds like bullets; but put each in a studio, and call some Vinnie Ream. Under her hand they will become strong and virtuous and beautiful. For the sake of *your* church as well as *your* children, open these doors and let them out. Will they go out? Will a bird fly to its nest? Will a deer plunge into a lake? Will a lamb run to its mother? Only try them and see. A friend of mine once asked some little boys in a cottage of a great Institution how many of them would like to go out into families. Instantly thirty-five hands were raised. How many boys were there? Thirty-five. Had there been more boys there would have been more upraised hands. Who taught them? You say instinct. Very well, that is another name for God.

"It is a matter of police record," continued David Porter, "that an Orphanage near one of our large cities was set on fire by some of the boys within its walls. Several of them talked it over and laid their plans. They were to start the fire, and then, in the confusion, run away. The flames burst forth. They started, but were caught. They were taken to the Court. They were asked to explain this singular act. Confessing, they said in substance, 'We were very

unhappy and wanted to get away. It seemed to be our only chance.' The little sparrows felt that the strong hand was crushing them, and they wanted to fly away. They felt themselves to be in a desperate plight, and so they resorted to a desperate remedy. The reporters wrote it up in the newspapers. The doors of many, many homes were opened, and they never went back. My friends, you who manage these Homes (so called) for little children, pray listen to this philosophy of human life. You know it as well as I do. You are simply ignoring it. From whence come these homeless children? Whence marches this army whose wan faces awake our pity? They come chiefly from the lanes and alleys of our great cities. What is the matter? Too much congestion. Saloons on every corner! Dirt piled in heaps on every side! Bad smells and revolting pictures! The wolf of hunger always at the door! Mothers made brutal by the blows of drunken fathers! Their ears hourly shocked by profanity! The very air is foul and fetid. The morning is an awakening to new forms of suffering; the sunset comes as the beginning of a horrible nightmare that lasts until daylight, which only brings a new day of cursing and bitterness. The children from their birth are crowded by day, and lie down on a bundle of rags at night. Their wee hearts are starved even worse than their little mouths. One day the undertaker's cart drives into the alley. It contains only a plain

pine coffin. This is borne up into the attic or down into the cellar. The pale form of the mother, who has been crowded out of life, is laid in it. There are no songs of hope and no sermon of consolation. The little procession has passed out of sight. There were never any smiles or kisses in the alley. Now there are only mouldy crusts on the bare shelves. The fire has gone out. Some one comes, and with the kindest of intentions takes these little sparrows, and thinking it the best thing to be done, carries them away and places them in the strong right hand of what people call a Home. You can easily see that this is a terrible mistake. They were crowded in the alley—now the congestion is greater than ever before. What is the true remedy? Open that hand. Disperse those children. Heed the cry of philosophy. Respond to the demand of these little hearts. They ask for bread—please do not give them a stone. It would be a grand day for our Nation if some strong angel would fly into every crowded lane and alley, and catch up every little child (It is, perhaps, too late to save the parents) and bear it away as a Highland shepherd carries a lamb in his plaid, over the valleys bright with daisies, across the hills covered with their flocks and herds—away, away, the farther the better, until kindly homes that are childless, or where there is room for another, are reached at last, and gently drop them there. Their coming will be a benediction, even, like the dew-drop in the bosom of a flower. Their lives will

be redeemed; while crime, poverty and degradation will be minimized. Let all the people awake and begin to cry out in one universal chorus: "Scatter the elements that menace the life and beauty of the commonwealth."

"Oh, let the little feet wander in the grassy fields and climb the sun-lit mountain peaks. Let them lie down, as I have many a time, on a windrow of new-mown hay, and let its sweet breath become an opiate that shall make the little fellows fall asleep. Communion with nature, in its fairest forms, is the birth-right of every little child. Antaeus was unconquerable only as long as his feet touched the ground. If our children are congested in mind and soul, they will be weaklings. If they grow near to Nature's heart, they will reach heroic strength. To you who are managers of Orphan Homes, in love, not in anger, I make this last appeal. For the sake of *your* church, for the sake of *your* children, for the sake of America we all love, in the name of the Christ we all worship, I plead with you, open your hands and let these little sparrows fly to mothers who are longing, and nests that are waiting."

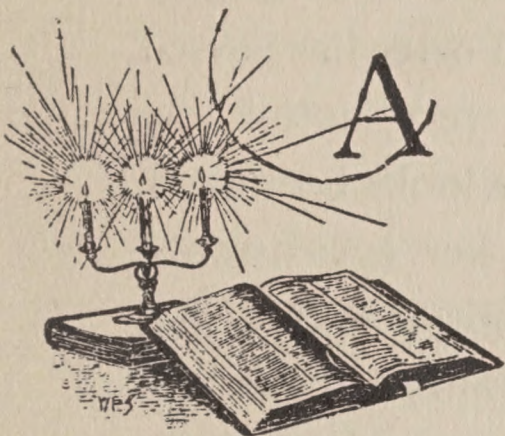
There was a general clapping of hands. Grace looked up, and sweetly said, "Papa, I hope they will let the little sparrows out"; while John responded from his mother's lap, "Don't my papa talk just bootiful?"

The Summer School for this year was closed.

CHAPTER XII.

Grace Graduates from High School.

Why do we not always smile whenever we meet the eye of a fellow-being? That is the true recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul constantly. Little children in simple communities do this involuntarily, unconsciously. The honest-hearted German peasant does it. It is like magical sunlight all through that simple land, the perpetual greeting on the right hand and the left between strangers as they pass by each other, never without a smile.—Helen Hunt.



A DECADE of years has passed since the last chapter. It is the early summer of 1893. A few gray hairs mingled with the black reveal to Mrs. Pauline Porter, as she glances at her face in the mirror, that she is now a little past the mile-post of middle life. Her form is erect, and her manner, as always, is very charming. She is beginning to feel rewarded for all she has done and sacrificed for the dear children. John, her pride and joy, is growing tall and handsome. Grace is bright, witty, winsome. Each has fitted into the other's life in a very wonderful way. Existence to them is a perpetual delight because of their unbroken companionship. They are rarely separated even for a day. From the time they find the first robin's nest, as they stroll through the meadow hand in hand, until the day when they begin to ride every morning in their dog-cart to the village school, each seems to be the other's shadow. John

is making a fine record in school, and his sister will soon graduate with the highest honors from the High-school. David Porter has grown a little stouter, and as a result of his optimistic nature it is hard to tell where the wrinkles leave off and the smiles begin. Pauline and he look more and more like each other as the years go on. Their love, beginning like the apple blossoms, sweet and pure, has developed until it has reached a rich fruitage of unquestioning trust and happiness. Grandma Margaret Porter has passed the seventy-fourth milestone of a very useful life. There is no shade of regret when she looks backward, and implicit faith when she turns her eyes toward the gates of the unseen life. She is not exactly weary, yet she is waiting, watching, expectant; as a bird on a limb waits with half-raised wing, so she is ready to fly away and be at rest.

Let Jim tell how matters stand between himself and Mary. Sometime in the spring he explains the situation to David and Pauline in a half whisper.

"Oi don't moind tellin' yez, in a confidential way, that Oi have jist bought the eighty that lies forninst this farm east jist loike the Andrews farms lie along nixt on the north and west. And Oi'm plannin' to take Mary, me darlint, to that swate little cottage on the hill. You see, Mary and me have both bin savin' up since about the toime the little Apostle was left on the door-step, and now betwixt us two the eighty will be clear, and we can buy a tame and a cow, and

I was just about to say a 'pig for the parlor,' but shure Mary, me darlint, would sind that to the shty. We will shtay wid yez till afther the fall plowin'. But, fath, afther all these years of waitin', as long as Jacob did for both Leah and Rachel, both me and me swate-heart would loike to shtand up soide by soide and shpake thim little words."

"All right Jim, wife and I will be glad to give you and Mary a little party."

"Thank you both roight hearty."

"Have you fixed the happy day, Jim?"

"Let me see, Misther Porter. Miss Grace will spake her piece about the twintieth of June. Oi'd loike to call me weddin' day the Fourth of July. Ye see, naythur me nor Mary would iver be willin' to go back to the ould sod, and shure, we would like to feel that we are related to 'Uncle Sam.' And thin we could make belave that all the guns and spaches was jist mint to do a rejicin' over this evint."

And so it was settled.

The twentieth of June, 1893, proved to be a golden summer day. An overflowing company of friends, amid the usual setting of music and flowers, listened eagerly to the rendering of an excellent program. It is hardly necessary to say that everybody from the Porter farm-house was present. Our readers will remember the story Grace told about the earthquake when she was a little girl. She evidently has a gift in this direction. With her rich,

musical voice she won all hearts by this story of *The Lost Roses*:

THE LOST ROSES.

"Thank you, I am glad you are pleased with my perfume. You wonder that I, a beautiful rose, can live in this cold, barren room. I shall not live much longer; my hours are numbered. Although I have suffered much here, I shall be sorry to die, because of the pleasure I am giving to this pale, sorrowful woman who cares for me so tenderly.

"I have quite an interesting little story to tell, if you care to listen. Yes, this is not my home, as you have surmised. I have always been a little proud of my station in life; pray, do not censure me for it. But I fear I am wearying you.

"Ever since I can remember I have lived in a large glass house, surrounded by many like myself and by hundreds of other flowers. I was always called a 'great beauty,' and should doubtless have been spoiled, but for the careful teachings of my friends. Yes! flowers have friends, very dear ones, too.

"My best friend was my rival; that is, if two who are very unlike in appearance and disposition can be rivals. She was white, I was red; she was gentle, I was passionate; she appealed to the heart, I appealed to the fancy. I confess that it is, in part, due to her sweet companionship that I have become even as good as I am. When many were singing our praises, I endeavored to conquer my pride, and to be as modest as the white rose.

“For a long time, we had waited eagerly for our first glimpse of society, and at length it came. Two young ladies had watched us grow, day by day, and when we attained the height of our splendor, they seemed to be as happy as we. I well remember the night when the tall girl, with the dark eyes, plucked me from my stem and carried me away. Sorrow at the thought of leaving my friend was mingled with my pleasure, until I discovered that she was to go, also. By listening attentively, we learned that one young lady was to wear me in her jet black hair, while the white rose was designed for the fair, young sister.

“We were, however, to be tied up with a few other flowers, until we should reach the ball-room. This duty was intrusted to a maid, but she treated us so cruelly that the white rose cried out with pain. To do the girl justice, I do not think she meant to be unkind, but was in such a hurry, that she did not consider our feelings. Be that as it may, our fear conquered our pain when we saw how loosely we were tied together. I cried with all my might and besought her to be more careful, but in vain. We were borne hastily away, clinging to one another in our great terror, lest we should fall and be lost. We descended the stairs, and were soon out in the cold, wintry night. We were chilled, but consoled ourselves with the thought that a warm carriage was waiting for us only a few steps away. I can just re-

member, slipping, slipping and telling myself to hold on a little longer, but my strength failed; all was darkness.

"When I came to myself, I was lying on a stone pavement, stunned by my fall. Oh, how can I depict my feelings for the first few moments! I was alone, utterly forsaken, destined to be frozen to death, trodden under the ruthless foot of man. I was trying to decide which death was preferable, when I became conscious that something was beside me. I looked, half frightened, half assured; it was the white rose. I strove, at first in vain, to restore her to consciousness, kissing her tenderly—for flowers have their tokens of affection—and calling her, "Beautiful White Rose." At last my efforts were rewarded; she opened her eyes. When she had recovered from her bewilderment she told me that I had caught hold of her, that she had tried to save us both, but could not. Then for a few moments, we forgot our terror and pain in the joy of being again united.

"Hark! A step approaches. We try to prepare ourselves for the inevitable, to say our last farewell. Nearer and nearer comes the unconscious destroyer,—but no! we are discovered, welcomed with a joyful cry. Then we are covered up, and carried swiftly away.

"We were glad to be warm once more, although we could not see the wonderful streets, of which we had talked so long. On we went, farther and farther,

until it seemed as if we had always been moving, then up a countless number of stairs. We heard a latch click, we entered a room, and our wrappings were removed.

“A bare room, a small table, a lamp with a cracked chimney, a rheumatic chair, and a small pallet in the corner—that is what we saw. We were laid gently upon the table, and the woman stole to the little bed, bending over a slight form, which we could just discern in the dim light.—‘God be praised! she still lives,’ cried the mother. ‘Darling, I have brought you the roses.’ The lashes quivered, the blue eyes opened, and a little weak voice, tremulous with delight, exclaimed, ‘Oh, mamma! Where?’ ‘Here they are,’—bringing us from the table,—‘one for each hand, isn’t that nice?’ ‘Oh, mamma, how pretty!’ and the little one fell asleep with a smile of satisfaction upon her pale lips.”

“We felt the little hands grow colder, saw the little face grow whiter and the tears well up in the eyes and course down the cheeks of the anxious watcher. We tried to comfort the sad-hearted mother but she did not listen; she could not then understand our language.

“For some time we remained thus. At length the little girl raised her eyes, and with a beautiful contented smile looked at her mother, then at us.

“‘Mamma, I saw Jesus just now. He wanted me to come and live with Him, and said I would never

suffer any more, just as you read in your book, and He is so beautiful, Mamma, and wants me to go so much; I will just stay a little while, and then I'll come back, and tell you all about it.' A pause. 'Mamma, I heard Mrs. Gray say I was going to die,—I'll go with Jesus instead.' Again a pause, but the mother did not tell her little one that she was going with dreaded Death, also. 'Mamma, I want to take something to Jesus,—I'll take the little white rose—you keep the red one,—until I come back—you like red so much. Goodby, Mamma, I am going—'

"The white rose was willing to die thus, to be buried alive, in the little girl's hand. Our parting was sweetened by the thought of the good we were doing. I should have coveted the death of my companion, had I not been able to comfort the sorrowing mother.

"I am failing, you see, I am losing my leaves, but as they fall, they are laid carefully away in her one book. I would not change my life if I could; I would thank, were I able, the careless maid who gave us unintentionally so great a pleasure.

"I am glad you like my story, and thank you for your consoling words and assistance to my poor friend. As I may never see you again, I want to ask you as a last favor to give my story to the world. Tell your friends that even flowers would rather be loved than admired; entreat them to send us as messengers to the suffering, and not doom us to a useless death

in heated ball-rooms. Then shall I feel that my life has not been in vain, that I have made a little happier, the world of man, and the world of flowers."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Wedding on the Fourth of July.

All mankind love a lover.—Emerson.



NEXT DAY something comical happened. Jim always was odd, but now the funniest notion of all came into his head. It was the native kindness of his heart that led him to this singular step.

In the village lived a German minister who, having no church, found it hard to get a living.

Oi'll have him say the words that will bind me to me darlint, and that will hilp the poor man."

* * * *

"O'i came," said Jim, "to sphake to yir riverance about unitin' Mary and meself on Independance day at foive o'clock at Misther David Porter's."

"Mit bleasure, mein Herr. Vy come you to a Scherman breacher?"

"Mary (she'll be me wife on Independance day) says, 'Jim, Oi'd be glad to hilp him as maybe he's hungry loike.' Oid thought of that meself and so we were agrade about it. We've laid by a good many dollars and we'll gladly give yez a tin."

"Dat vas goot. I say my hearty tanks."

"Shure and would yez be afther tellin' the loikes of me why yez not preachin' and havin' a salary?"

"Yaw, id vas dis vay, mein freund. I travel all de vay de country ofer. I find ein shurch und many, many peebls in vat you call it—I tinks it vas Tacoma. Vell, mein peebls vas vat you call them—tired? Yaw, I feel so much like mein heart it vud break. Vat I do? I tink, oh, so many times. I kept tinkin' and tinkin' (here he tapped his forehead lightly with his index finger) I make me ein big sermon ready, und go on mein pulpit und I say, 'Mein beluvid peebls, it ish in mein heart to say you vas tired mit laziness. You should get ein muve on you. Und vat tink you den? Who you tink get a muve on him? Vas it dem peebls? Nein, it vas I, dis shentleman, de Rev. Peter Peffer. He get a muve on him right away.'"

Jim took his leave, having great difficulty to keep from roaring with laughter.

"Yez will remimber the toime yir riverance?"

"Yaw, I will ofer come at fife o'clock, mein freund. Goot nacht."

* * * *

It is pretty safe to prophesy that it will rain on the Fourth of July. It is close and humid all the morning. The clouds seem ready to run over, like eyes that are full of tears.

About nine o'clock the drops begin to fall. Faster

and more furious beats the storm until the patter, patter of the raindrops cease to fall like music on the ear. Their rythm is swallowed up in the rush and roar of the falling water. It seemed as if all the brooks had been caught up by the sun and their weight had rent the clouds assunder. The author remembers a time long ago, when he was caught in a terrific downpour on a summer's day. He also remembers a description of it given by a Scotchman, whom this cloudburst almost drowned. "It neither rained nor poured," said he, "it just *hurled* it down out of buckets."

* * * *

Mary, who was usually very quiet and uncomplaining, wears a troubled look this morning. At any other time she would not have said a word had it rained a week. Brides are a bit superstitious, I fancy. Their bridal day is looked upon as prophetic of their married life. She is thinking of the words, "Happy the bride the sun shines on," and the terrific storm makes her tremble.

"Oh, Jim," said she, "it makes me sad loike to see the rain drown the grass and bate all of the beauty out of the swate flowers. I had set me heart on walkin' out in the sunlight lanin' on yir arm and standin' through the ciremony under the big elms forninst the door. Alack a-day, that drame is over."

"Never moind, dearie, our love is so bright shure

it will light the altar, and besides, unless the world has turned over and the dape say is above us it must soon shtop for the want of wather. I've just thought out a conundrum. Why is this Fourth of July loike the book of Lamentations?"

"Shure I can't tell, Jim."

"Why both of them are full of wapein'."

He had a temperament so cheerful that, failing to find one, he would paint a silver lining around the darkest clouds of life. His joy seemed to well up from depths almost infinite. People who have artesian souls, however humble, are the greatest benefactors of the human race.

* * * *

By noon the clouds are nearly empty. At two o'clock the sun breaks through and all nature smiles again. Are there nerves that run through all creation, so that everything and everybody, feels the beat of a great and infinite heart? Clouds in the sky and clouds on our brow! Sunbeams falling outside, faces illumined inside! Was it the roses on the bush that reproduced themselves on the cheek of the bride? Who can tell? We are surely very near to nature's heart. Mary has become her own gentle, quiet self again, and Jim is as happy as a king.

A few minutes before five o'clock the invited neighbors gather, coming almost as if they were a single family, or a swarm of bees in flight. Among the early arrivals is the Rev. Peter Peffer.

"Gooten Abend," is his salutation to everybody.

There is a few minutes delay beyond the hour. Looking up at the clock he turns to Mr. Porter, and in a tone as low as a German, with his heavy voice, can reach, inquires:

"Hafe dey not made themselves ready yet?" Vat you call dem, dose two peebles vat I make into von?"

He had whispered out loud, and a smile passes around.

Five minutes later the couple enter, with Jim on the wrong side. There has been no rehearsal.

The mistake is noticed by the "Rev. Shentlemen." Walking up to Jim he says, in the same sort of whisper as before:

"Mein freund I can't make you into von dat way, you musht yourself go on de oder side ofer."

Everybody hears him and the smile grows bigger.

"Be jabbers," said Jim, (just a little out of patience) "I won't give yez the tin unless I can shtand on this soide."

That brings peace, but the smile has become a titter.

"Take holt hants."

"Adam and Eve vas de fust peebles vat up shtand, und some little vords say. All de time down dis de best vay has been. It vas not goot for a man to liff alone by himself all de vile. Der vas no besser fish caught out of de sea dan dose vat be in a vaitin' to be caught."

His sermon came to a sudden end. The idea suddenly struck Jim that the Rev. Peter Peffer might have a plan to preach on until he would go to the "oder side ofer." He drops Mary's hand and tries to "swing around the circle." His toes trip on the bridal dress and he falls to his knees. Rising, in a moment, he comes to the right spot with a smile.

"Anoder time take holt hants."

"Now each of you two peebles holt de right hant of de oder. You make ein promise before dese peebles vat look on, to always luff and obey de oder ven you vas sick und ven you vas not sick, ven you vas poor und ven you vas rich, und dis you will do all de time till old you get and don't live some more?"

Jim answered, "That's me plan, yir riverance."

Mary quietly responded, "Yis."

"Dese two vas now made von. Let no man or voman ever divide them in two."

Salutations follow. Grace and John come forward, hand in hand, to greet the bride and groom.

"It most breaks me heart to lave the children," says big-hearted Jim Donahue.

After refreshments are served the friends depart for their homes. In the hall Jim slips a "tin" into the hands of the "Rev. Shentleman" as he is about to get another "muve on him."

"Tanks! Goot nacht," said the minister.

His hat is lifted and he is gone.

As the glorious sun is giving a good-night kiss to

the western hills, his rays fall on the couple as they stand on the veranda.

"Mary," says Jim, "Oi'm shure ye'll be happy all yir loife, for the sun is shinin' on me bride."

CHAPTER XIV.

Grace Goes to College.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.—Shakespeare.



It has been already stated that David Porter, when a young man, for a time enjoyed the advantages of a State University. He recognized that it was splendidly equipped to train the intellect, yet not so well fitted to build character as the smaller Christian College. He saw that the ethical nature is not there developed uniformly with the mental powers. In this way the equilibrium, which should be the aim in a liberal education, is not secured. Preferring a full and uniform culture of all her powers, of heart as well as brain, with the full approval of his wife and daughter, Grace is sent, in September, 1893, to Downer College, Fox Lake, Wis. Grandma's face has in it a touch of sadness which soon gives place to her accustomed look of peace and contentment. Only John enters a protest. He could not bear the thought of separation. He is, however, both heroic and unselfish and so his objection is only for a day. When he thinks it over he allows his head to rule his heart. He soon sees it is a golden opportunity for his sister,

and for her sake he rejoices. Mrs. Pauline Porter makes the short journey with her daughter.

They meet the President and are introduced to the faculty. In two days her studies are arranged, and another matter also, always of the highest importance. The mother is very careful (as all mothers should be) about the selection of her room-mate. After a full conference with the President, she chooses a young lady of the Junior Class, Ruth Willard. She has a reputation for faithfulness to every duty. She enjoys the College, but most of all she loves her Lord. To her He is as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Modest about her devotion, her daily life makes the revelation, as the bubbling spring reveals the hidden fountain. (The author remembers with gratitude the moulding influence of a young minister, which touched his heart at a critical time, and redeemed his life.)

The companionship of a room-mate often makes or mars a young and plastic life. This is a case of love at first sight. They are different, but attraction results from opposite poles. From the first all things are in common. It would describe them well to call them communistic chums. They are always together, except during the hours of recitation. Grace has grown up in an atmosphere of truth and love. The effect on her life at the college is to re-enforce and reveal all that in her home life has fitted her for a day of coronation. A young soul comes to its kingdom

when the will yields, and the Lord comes into the life. Grace has often heard of the pearl of greatest price. Ruth, with loving hand, leads her into the field where the treasure lies hidden, and she finds it.

"I want," said Grace, "to give my life for others, because He gave His life for me."

Grace takes a class in Sunday School, next to Ruth. She soon finds the secret of the highest joy on earth. She reads one day about that devoted steward of the Master, who built a chapel in the crowded part of a great city, where "the people sit in darkness and have no light." Soon after a wild storm on the sea sinks several ships, which had been the source of his wealth. He is nearly bankrupt. A friend condoling with him says, "I wish you had the money you gave the chapel. It seems to me that was lost."

"You are mistaken," said the kingly merchant, "had I not placed it there, like the rest of my money, it would have gone into a ship and now be at the bottom of the ocean. That is the best investment I ever made."

"I see," says Grace, "what we keep we lose, while that we give we gain. Thank God, I have learned the secret of a happy life—the secret that makes seraphic the face of Grandma, and illumines the heads of all the loved ones in the dear old home."

She is right. She has a liberal education already. One may know many books, and yet not know even

the alphabet of life. We never graduate and reach the Master's degree until we say, "I am not my own, I am bought with a price." Then the finite touches the infinite—harmony is reached, and harmony is another name for happiness.

Soon after entering the college Grace one day notices the picture of a little girl, in the place of honor, on the parlor mantel.

"What sweet little face is this?" she said.

"Oh, that," said Ruth, "is the child of the college."

"Why, there are no little children here! What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard about her? Why, we girls are very fond of her. You remember it is said of Christ, 'Whom not having seen ye love.' So we all love her unseen. You see she was homeless. She had no care and no one to love her. An agent of the Children's Home Society took her in his arms to a childless family, when she was very young, and now all three in that home are very happy."

"But how did you girls get interested in her?"

"Why," continued Ruth, "the same agent of the Society came here—he comes every year—is our guest often. He always gives us an address; tells us that every homeless child, sound in mind and body, can be placed quickly in the home and hearts of people—good people—who are glad to educate them and train them to be noble citizens."

"Where is their Institution? I never heard of it."

“Oh, they don’t have any. They board the children by the week in private families, until they are given to their new parents. In that way they are not herded and it is far the cheapest method. The agent says it is wrong to take away from any creature that which naturally belongs to it. Instinct determines its habitat. Thus a bee should have a hive—a fish should have a brook—a bird should have a nest, and by the same rule a child should have a mother. The last time he was here he said, ‘If you girls will give the Society \$10 a year for five years, that will represent a rescued child; will be all it will ever cost the humane public.’ We accepted the offer and chose this ‘tootsey girl.’ She is the child of the College—and we are planning to have her graduate here some day. “Grace,” says Ruth, “with a pathetic voice and downcast eyes, “isn’t it sad to think how many children are left to perish, and what a good work it is to pick them up and take them out of the cold to someone who, with mother-love, will warm them in her bosom? When I hear this man speak, I always think of the perishing travelers, and the noble dogs of St. Bernard. ‘God pity the innocents’ is my daily prayer.”

Ruth hears a sob—looks up and the face of her friend is bathed in tears. She folds Grace in her arms. The heaving of her bosom shows Ruth that she is swayed by a tempest of emotion.

“What is the matter,” she says, “shall I bring you something?”

"No," replies Grace, "thank you, I was only thinking. Forgive me. I will soon be better."

"Remember, dear Grace (as she drew her down beside her on the sofa, and twined her arms about her tenderly), there must be no secrets between us, for we are sisters now. Something says to me that Grace has a chapter in her life, that I have never heard."

"If I tell you, Ruth, you won't cast me out of your heart, will you?"

"Why, no, darling, more likely I will give you a larger room in it—promote you from the kitchen to the parlor."

"I once was lost, but thank God, I was found," said the weeping girl: then in a low, melting voice, she tells the story of Harrisburg in the ears of her friend.

When she has finished Ruth is weeping, but Grace's tears have ceased to fall. Thus when others weep for us our own hearts are comforted.

"My dear Grace," says Ruth, "we cherish most those who have suffered most. I never loved you so much before," and she kisses her as tenderly as a mother would.

Toward the close of the term a gentleman, whom Grace had never seen appears in the pulpit at the morning service. As the two girls enter the door Ruth says to Grace in a whisper:

"That is the agent of the Children's Home Society; I suppose it is his annual visit."

In due time he reads his text, "God setteth the solitary in families." He develops the thought that the family is the unit of the State—that it is far the best way to put every homeless child you can where God meant it should be, and conversely it is best for the family to have a child or children in it.

"This plan also," said he, "costs only a trifle as compared to the orphanage."

He drew this picture.

"Do you older people remember a night, many years ago, some one comes softly into your room at the twilight hour? The curtain is drawn down silently, shutting out the last rays of light. Then she comes to your crib. Your eyes are heavy. That she is there is rather an instinct than a vision. You feel rather than see that she is near. She bends over you. Gently the covering is tucked in on either side. Your eyes are half open. She is close to your face. Her lips touch yours. Sleep follows; blessed childhood's sleep! * * *

It seems but a few moments but the night is past. The sun is shining. Never did soldier feel so safe behind moat and castle-wall as you did, with mother near. But suppose we take motherhood out of child-life, pray tell me, what is left? Very little. Nobody cares for the old nest of a bird. A few sticks, a bit of clay, some broken shells! The life and beauty and song have gone. Can there be a restoration? Yes, but how? Bring

into it a mother-bird. So into the cheerless life of the little orphan bring a new 'mamma,' and then love, beauty and song will come again. Oh, let the desolate hearts have children! Oh, let the desolate children have hearts and homes."

That night the agent, by invitation of the President, speaks again in the chapel of the College to a large audience. He emphasizes the words of Jesus, "Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." He makes it very clear that it is the duty of families, who are able and fitted for this Christly service, to receive some child ready to perish, and that where the child goes the Lord will make His home. Facts and philosophy, by the shuttle of speech, are woven into a pattern of light and beauty. Some of the incidents deeply touch the hearts of the girls, and as they think of the contrasts between the lot of the homeless and their good fortune, the incense of their gratitude ascends to God. With a deeper sense of thankfulness they sing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The benediction is pronounced by one of the pastors and the Sabbath is ended.

Next day the agent visits the children placed in the neighborhood, saying he would record the result of the visit, and if any child was neglected or abused, he would take the necessary steps to remove it. He finds all of them well and happy. The happiness is mutual. He hears of a little girl, a few miles in the

country, who needs a loving home. "Homes," he says, "are always waiting for girls." He will return for her in a few days. "They are wanted," he adds, "not for servants, but for daughters. Bright boys are also sought for by worthy families." He makes a canvass for funds and many give. People love to give for children. The Society has no other source of income. All receipts are voluntary. Many prayers go with the cheerful gifts.

The agent calls at the College. The teachers and students contribute joyfully for 'the college child.' The second payment toward the fifty dollars is easily raised, and the agent, as always, hands them the receipt of the Society.

Grace seeks an interview. She thanks him for the pleasure he has given her. She adds:

"I wish you would arrange to visit our church at the Christmas vacation. I will be at home. And promise me one thing—you will be our guest."

He promises and takes his leave. Grace tells Ruth, and adds, "Something tells me that this man's visit will be blest like the 'showers that water the earth.' "

CHAPTER XV.

The Best Sermon Ever Preached in the Old Church.

Our childhood is everything.—James Lane Allen.



It was arranged by letter with their parents that Ruth should spend most of her holidays with Grace at their delightful home in the country. They had learned to lean on each other, though which was the staff it would be hard to say. They seemed essential to each other, like twin roses on a bush, or twin stars in the heavens.

Never did a sailor, who has compassed the ocean hasten to his little home with a lighter heart, than Grace to the old farm-house. The warmest kind of a welcome awaited the girls. John met them at the station, her father and mother at the gate, and she was folded in grandmother's arms as soon as the threshold was crossed. She missed Jim and Mary, who had gone to live in the "Swate little cottage on the hill." Home on vacation at Christmas time! We hold but few sweeter things in the realm of our memory. The recollection of jingling sleigh-bells—coasting down the long hill—hanging up our stockings—listening to the family clock, and after a sweet goodnight, climbing the old familiar stairs with

a lamp in one hand and a warm flat-iron in the other! Oh dear, how the memory seems to quicken the beat of my heart. And the famous reindeer of Santa Claus can hardly equal the speed of the delightful hours.

It had been arranged that Mr. Davis, the District Superintendent, of the Children's Home Society, should be their guest from Saturday night to Tuesday noon. As the girls knew him at the College they went with John to meet him, on the evening train. After supper the young people spent the evening hours at games or music, with some of their friends in the parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Porter sat until bed-time with their guest in a little circle around the open fireplace. Grandma had an easy chair in a cosy corner, where she could hear their quiet talk. Her illumined face revealed her deep and tender interest. After a few words on topics of general interest David Porter said:

"Mr. Davis, I suppose you have learned from Grace that she and John are our adopted children. This has so enlarged our hearts that mother, wife and I are all very deeply interested in every homeless child. Your method is new to us and I would be glad to ask you several questions, so that we may get the clearest possible idea of your plan."

"I will be very glad to answer," says Mr. Davis.

"Anticipating your coming I have written them down," replied Mr. Porter.

"Where is your Institution?"

"We have no building. We don't want any. We utilize the family homes where there is room for a child anywhere in the State."

"But how then do you care for them until you place them in families?"

"We pay for their board for a few days or weeks, in private homes, because this plan is most economical."

"How long on an average do you keep them?"

"Less than ten days."

"What ages do you receive?"

"We place no age limits. Have received children ranging from 3 days to 16 years."

"What class of children do you take?"

"Any child that is homeless or disadvantaged, of which we can get legal control, and not a cripple."

"What do you mean by a cripple?"

"Cripples are of three kinds:

- (a.) Of the head—or the idiotic.
- (b.) Of the body—or the deformed.
- (c.) Those completely incorrigible.

"For these unfortunates, Institutions must be provided. All others, or perhaps nine-tenths of all dependent children, can be placed quickly and carefully in good family homes."

"What are the chief causes of homelessness?"

"Drink, divorce, desertion, disease and death."

"Of what nationality are most of the children?"

"About in proportion to the different languages that are spoken in the State."

"Where do most of the children come from into your hands?"

"From relatives, or a parent, who are led to give them up by reason of poverty. From Supervisors, or poormasters, to relieve the Town or County of large expense. From people at whose house a child has been abandoned. From Hospitals. From several small Orphanages and Homes for the Friendless, who are convinced that our plan is the best. From guardians of orphan children—they by our request retaining control of any money or property belonging to the ward."

"For what kind of children do you have the most applications?"

"For 'a nice little girl from 1 to 3 years old with blue eyes, curly hair, and dimple in her chin.' "

"What age can you fit best into the family?"

"The younger the better. Love grows out of helplessness. The littlest fingers take the firmest hold of the heart strings. Years of experience convince us that this is the wisest thing to do—especially in the case of a childless home."

"What proportion of your wards are placed with people having no other child?"

"About one half."

"Do people ask you for a second child?"

"Yes, in many cases families are applying to us, that their first child may have companionship, and thus grow into a loving and generous life."

"Do these foster parents appreciate the child they adopt?"

"They usually speak of them as sunbeams and declare they would rather give up their house or their farm."

"Are you not encouraging the breaking up of families?"

"By no means. We have no police powers. We want none. We only step in when nothing else can be done, and when it becomes a question between putting them into an Orphanage, or directly into a family circle. Police powers and large fees for hurrying children into Institutions furnish the temptation for the needless sundering of the family tie."

"Was there any need for your Society?"

"Emphatically, yes. We entered a field so far left untilled. Some of the orphanages are largely engaged in boarding children for small pay until the living parent can again establish a home (an excellent work.) For our wards there is no hope of a future home unless we place them in it. Orphanages do only, or at least, largely a local work. We travel into every corner of the State. Some of them have rules of admission that shut out about two-thirds of the friendless children for whom we provide."

"Why do you consider your plan the best?"

"Any plan that helps a homeless child is worthy of support. But the 'good' (some one has wisely said) 'stands in the way of the best.' Listen to a few fun-

damental reasons why this method excels all others. To most people they will simply be axioms.

(a.) Individual love is evoked. A heart for a child, and a child for a heart leads to mutual happiness.

(b.) This method is scientific. A child wants and needs a mother. Our plan provides one.

(c.) It is practical. From the number of applications received it is possible to incorporate every bright and healthy child into a loving home. It is only a question of time and patience.

(d.) This plan will lead to self-support at majority. Philosophically a child that has every plan made for it (as in an Institution) will grow up with the idea that some one will always take care of it. In a family the "tootsies" are laying plans for an independent business life before they graduate from their crib.

(e.) It prepares for good citizenship. Everybody will concede that the family is the unit in building the Commonwealth. Therefore we look to the home, and not to the Institution, for the men and the women who shall be the pillars in the State.

(f.) Children raised in an Institution will reach their majority empty-handed. On Christmas Eve one of our agents laid a babe of 4 months in the arms of her new mother. This family had taken a boy babe two years before. Their application was expressed in this way: 'We have two good farms. We want two children. They will then have a farm

apiece. We forbear to give other reasons lest you become weary.' ”

“What title do you take?”

“A full legal release and consent to adoption from living parents or guardian; or commitment by a Court.

“What do you know about families where you place them?”

“We visit the family; we consult with the best citizens of the town and always give the child the benefit of any doubt as to the fitness of the home.”

This is the danger-point in the placing out system. We guard this with great care.”

“Do you visit the children afterward?”

“In all cases the Society maintains a watchful care over children that have been placed. It looks occasionally, with discretion, into the homes and thus prevents abuse and neglect.”

“Do you place children near where you find them?”

“Never. The child should begin a new life in the new home. Its love and life should not be divided by the visits of former friends. The new home has rights, growing out of the expenditure of time and money, that must be protected. All information passing to and fro must be through our office.”

“Do you keep records?”

“Yes, a page is devoted to each child. This in time will be of great value, when children who are

now unavoidably separated shall desire a reunion, when they have reached manhood and womanhood."

"Do you give a legal title to children?"

"Yes. When, after a time of probation, all parties are satisfied, full adoption papers (or a contract) are prepared and sent by us. A copy of this order of the County Court is kept by us, so that the property rights of the child is protected by a double record."

"Thank you, Mr. Davis."

"That is surely the best way—best for the homeless child, and we know it is a benediction to the childless home. Each needs the other, as the petal needs the dew-drop."

Mr. Davis then gave several incidents from his ripe experience—some comical, some pathetic.

Then came sweet sleep—nowhere sweeter than in the old farm-house. The day of rest was one of cheer and brightness. A spirit of worship seems to come over the world at Christmas-tide. Our hearts seem drawn by some psychic power, like that which led the Wise Men to follow the Star, until we come with them and lay our gifts at the feet of Bethlehem's Babe. A large audience was gathered in the village church at the hour of morning service.

The pastor reads the story of the Annuciation, followed by that of the wondering shepherds who "kept their flocks by night." The singers seem inspired.

When the time for the sermon comes, the pastor says:

"I wish you, my dear people, *A Happy New Year*. The best way to realize it is to give yourselves to God and your fellow-men. Here is a brother—no, that is too formal—this is my friend, who, like our Master, is going about doing good. He will tell you fully about his work—the Rev. Mr. Davis."

"My text," says Mr. Davis, rising, "will be these words, 'Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them.' " In quiet, yet impassioned words, he briefly tells the story of the childhood and youth of the Saviour. He then draws the lesson that the nearer the mother is like the Madonna, the more the child will resemble the Christ. The sermon is a plea to give every little girl and boy a family home, as near as may be, like the home in Nazareth. "Out of this came," said he, "that blessed ministry; and so still, after eighteen centuries, the benefactors of the race are the evolution of motherhood."

The plan of this Christian charity is shown to be,

(A) Natural.

(B) Practical, and

(C) Economical.

Each division is fully discussed.

"I will now tell you briefly," says Mr. Davis, "the story of some homeless children we wish to place, by adoption, in family homes of the highest type. The first is a boy of nine years, whose name is Oliver. We found him in a poor-house. That was not his

fault, but his misfortune. He was sent to a State Institution and at once sent back again. He had a club foot and was thus debarred from entrance. We hope to have the law changed, for surely one great purpose of the State should be to help the helpless. We took him to a hospital. Skillful surgery slowly turned the foot in front, and by dropping down the heel the limbs became of the same length. He still wears a brace, but in a short time this can be laid aside. This is the rescue of a cripple. Nothing now is lacking but a home. I want *you* to furnish that, lest he be crippled in mind and heart.

"This," says Mr. Davis, "is the other child for whom I make an appeal."

So saying, he steps down from the pulpit and takes from the arms of a lady a little girl of three years. As he reclimbs the pulpit stairs he explains that he brought her with him the night before, and left her with a friend in the village.

"If this little motherless lamb," said he, "was old enough to understand it, I would not do this, as it would wound her feelings. That would be wrong."

The child clings to his neck and her little feet stand on the open Bible. In low, melting tones he tells her story. A hush that was almost painful falls on the audience.

"She is the youngest of five. The rest we have placed in homes. Her mother has gone to the beautiful land. But for one thing she would have been

taken to fond hearts a month ago. She was neglected. Her mother was dying. The light has gone out of this right eye. It will never return. She needs a mother. Which of God's children will open your hearts?"

The whole audience was melted into tears. It was like Rachel weeping for her children when Herod slew the innocents. Mr. Davis sits down with little Mabel still clinging to him. The pastor, rising, says, "That child has preached the best sermon ever delivered from this pulpit. Let us pray," he quietly adds.

"Oh Lord, let the spirit of the Holy Babe fall on every one of us here and now, and may these little homeless ones, whose lot has been so dark, come soon into the light and joy of the home life, and, like Jesus, have a mother. Grant this for His dear sake."

In a few moments the service ended, and many lingered to speak to Mr. Davis and little Mabel. Mrs. Campbell was one of these. Her husband, seeing this, took his opportunity to speak to him quietly at the door.

Said he, "The lady who spoke to you first after you came out of the pulpit is my wife. What did she want?"

"She applied for the nine-year-old boy."

"I thought so. Don't let her have him. We have taken twin boys, Charles and Fred. They are all right, but I don't want any more. Say, stranger, bring all the lambs and girls you want to, but don't

bring any dogs or boys. She wants all she sees."

"Please bring Mabel home with you, Mr. Davis," said Mrs. Porter, in a whisper.

CHAPTER XVI.

Completing a Family.

Where there is room in the heart there is always room in the house — Moore.



WHAT delightful fellowship is found in a noble, Christian family in the hush of a Sunday afternoon. How all hearts flow together like the mingling of mountain brooks.

There is an absence of all restraints except those which naturally spring from the relationships of life. Such a home, at such a time, seems like a foretaste of Paradise. The Porter household that quiet afternoon was permeated by a spirit of restfulness, which seemed almost heavenly. What is it that frequently leads a homeless child to select its own new father and mother? Is it instinct, or is it the influence of a guardian angel? The author recalls twice where an orphan boy threw his arms about the neck of a childless man, and asked in pleading tones, "You'll keep me, won't you?" Little Mabel asks no questions, but clings to Mrs. Pauline Porter as a vine to an oak. She read the *heart* of the child. Towards evening she speaks to her husband, saying:

"This little bird seems so happy in her new-found nest, I haven't the heart to let her leave it. You

remember my youngest sister had a blind eye, and we loved her the best of any of our family. I seem to hear her voice calling to me from the spirit-land, saying, for my sake keep the little half-blind, motherless girl."

"Pauline, you have my consent, but you know one good turn deserves another, and if you are willing, I would like very much to take little Oliver too. It was a grand thing to straighten his crooked limb, and to show what can be done for a club-footed boy I would like to take him into our home and hearts."

His wife replied, "I will be glad to do it, if the rest of the family approve."

"I will ask them," says her husband.

Calling them all together, he says: "Mr. Davis, my wife and I would like to adopt both Mabel and Oliver. You see our home, you have doubtless learned our character, and our ability to provide for them and give them an education."

This is his reply: "From a remark made by Grace I anticipated you might ask me for a child or two, and so I have made diligent inquiry, in a confidential way, of a few reliable people who have long known both of you, and as a result my answer is ready. Do not be offended, please; we must be very careful about a new home, and must ask your neighbors about your fitness for this holy service. I will be very glad to commit the children to your keeping, and may God reward you for giving them cups of cold water in His name."

"Grace, what have you to say?"

"Dear papa, I have long wanted to have you take more little children. I should think everybody would want to do this. How often mamma used to tell me that verse about 'Inasmuch.' A brother and a sister! What splendid Christmas presents they will be. Of course I want them. Mr. Davis, when can you bring Oliver?"

"Let me see, I will go back to the office Tuesday, and will send him Wednesday."

"Good! I'll count the hours till he comes," said the delighted girl. So saying, she went over to her mother's chair and threw her arms about Mabel, who will now be her sister evermore.

"This is the Amen corner I am in," said John. "How nice it will be for papa and mamma to have company when Grace and I are both away at school."

"Ruth, you have a vote on this question too," says Mr. Porter.

She sweetly replies, in a voice hushed almost to a whisper, "I should say that if you do this, you will be laying 'gold, frankincense and myrrh at His feet.' I have had a vision revealing to me, as I believe, my life work. This has been a wonderful day to me. It is now my purpose, as soon as I can after I graduate, to give myself to the work of the Children's Home Society. I made that resolve when Mabel stood on the pulpit, and Mr. Davis was telling about her dying mother. To save a motherless child is, I think, a nobler thing than to sit on a throne."

"I am not surprised," said Grace. She knew Ruth's heart-life.

"We will be at your service, Ruth, at any time we can help you," says Mr. Porter.

"Before I ask mother her opinion, I wish to say that my study of the problem of dependent children has led me to three conclusions, which I will give in order. First, I think it would have been possible, always, as soon as any part of the country was fully settled, villages built and good farms opened, to secure good family homes for all dependent children who are sound in mind and body. This, I say, could have been done for decades of years in the past, had one-tenth of the money spent on the big buildings been used to bring the home and the child together. For this class it is doubtful if an Orphanage ever was necessary; at least, ever since civilization took the place of barbarism. Little hearts have always yearned for mothers and mother hearts for children, and they might always have been united and made to beat as one.

"Second, I learn there are many more homes of intelligence, character and property where they are anxious to care for a little child, than there are dependent children."

"Is that true, Mr. Davis?"

"It is, sir! Our Society is not limited by the want of good homes, nor by the want of money, for there is always money enough to support any worthy char-

ity. Our only handicap is to get bright children out of Institutions. When I see how the Management hold on to them, I always think of Budge and Toddie in Helen's Babies."

"I want to shee yours watch," said Toddie. When his uncle wished to know the reason, Budge said, "I want to see the wheels go 'round"; and Toddie (who was his brother's echo) replied, "Want to shee wheels go wound."

"But," said Mr. Porter, "(and this is what I started to say), I am very glad to take these two children with the hope of extending this social revolution, until many like these, belonging to the defective class, may be brought to enjoy the blessings of the home-life. I sincerely hope that what we do now may become common in the early years of the century at whose opening gates we are standing. Mother, excuse me for talking so long. What say you? Which way does duty lie?"

"By all means take them," said Mrs. Porter, "and that will, so to speak, round out the family. You took Grace *positive*, you took John *comparative*, take these two and that will be *superlative*. You see how it works—good, better, best. I could wish, my son, that you, like me, had a dozen; that would enlarge your heart and life; but these four will give you a complete family."

"What do you mean by a complete family, mother?"

"Why, these children will now all have a father and mother. Besides that, each boy will know a brother's as well as sisters love; and each girl will have the joy of a sister's as well as brothers love. Father, mother, brothers, sisters—*that* completes a family."

"Not without you, grandma," said Grace.

"I have only one request to make, David. I wish you would call this boy Mark, in memory of your father."

"What say you, Pauline?"

"It is well," she said.

"Mr. Davis, the vote is unanimous. Send us the boy on Wednesday by the afternoon train."

"It shall be as you wish."

Then David Porter, who was standing beside his mother's chair, gently put his arms about her neck, and, bending, kissed her tenderly.

Mark reached them safely, and now will never be a cripple in body, mind, or heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

Story of a Victim to Drunkenness.

Let us do what we can. Let us not be seeking some high position; but let us get down at the feet of the Master, and be willing to let God use us—to let Him breathe His Spirit upon us and send us out to His work. If you can't be a lighthouse, you can be a tallow candle.—Andrew Murray.



“MY friends,” said David Porter the next time they met under the elms, I shall call at once for the reading of a story by a friend from St. Louis. She is herself the teacher mentioned in the narrative. I have asked for this story to show you the chief cause of homelessness among children.”

Miss Dickson at once responded to this invitation.

“We are trying to keep a ‘candle burning on a candlestick’ in one of the darkest wards in our city—a place that comes pretty near being a social midnight. A few friends founded there a Mission Sunday-School. The children are poor, ragged and ignorant. It takes a good deal of tact to keep these boys from repeating the fights they have on the streets. Very much of the seed falls in stony places, and the fowls of the air (bad habits) carry away more. But, thank God, some of it grows.

“One day there came a little girl, who did not

seem like the rest at all. Her clean face, in this unwashed crowd, at once arrested attention. I felt instinctively that here was a treasure hid in the great world-field, and I must find it and bring it to my Lord.

“ ‘What is your name, little girl?’

“ ‘Emma,’ she quietly answered.

“Her interest in the story of dying love grew rapidly—seemed to absorb her mind and heart. As might have been expected, she was the first to own Jésus as her Saviour. She just seemed to feed on the Scriptures, as the Jews fed on ‘manna in the wilderness.’ We hoped she might in time become a gleaner in the harvest-field. But this was not to be. One day she was absent. This meant that she could not come. I was very much alarmed about her. As soon as I could get away I hurried to find her. Down an alley and up a rickety stairway; past a saloon on the ground floor—foul with profanity, filthy speech and tobacco smoke—at last I reached the wretched little room. Emma is alone, lying groaning with pain.

“ ‘What ails you, dear; what has happened?’

“ ‘I am hurt,’ she said very low and quietly.

“ ‘But who hurt you, child?’

“ ‘It was father. He wanted me to go and bring him beer, and I couldn’t do it any more, for I am Jesus’ little girl now. Then he swore at me so dreadfully, and threw me downstairs.’

“Some children had found her in the hall-way, and

carried her to her room, where for long hours she had suffered alone, without care or food or water.

"I brought a doctor as soon as I could. His examination revealed a limb out of joint, and the little back was broken. There is no room for hope. It is only a question of days.

"Under threat of arrest, the saloon-keeper downstairs gives me ten dollars, and in an ambulance Emma is carefully borne to a hospital. About the same time an officer arrests the drunken father in a saloon not very far away, on a charge of 'killing his child.' After a short trial the father is sentenced to ten years in State Prison.

"In the hospital the poor, dying child has a wealth of care and love. I think nurses in our hospitals rank with noble grandmothers as the two most angelic classes on earth. Their very faces are seraphic. Emma soon comes to know that she cannot live, and wants to go to heaven. She does not like to think of her father; can not bear to hear about him. She is willing to forgive him, but does not want to see his face. She loves to think of her mother.

" 'I was very little,' said Emma, 'when she died. I remember that my father beat her when he was drunk.' (Oh, horrible memory for a child.)

" 'What did she do?'

" 'Oh, she just took me in her arms and cried.'

"Her great longing, during the few painful days of her life, was to have a doll. The only ones she

had ever had were made by herself, out of bits of rags. Her eyes had feasted on pretty ones in the shop windows, but all the money went for beer. There was none left to delight the heart of the child. She revealed to me all that was in her heart. One day I told the Sunday-School about the wish of poor little Emma.

“ ‘We’ll buy her one,’ said the children.

“Many of them, like the poor widow of whom Jesus told, gave all they had. As a result, some of them would have no bed that night. Greatness of soul is often found among the boys of the street. Quite a pile of pennies, nickels and dimes lay on my desk. It was an acceptable offering to the Lord, for they were cheerful givers. I added what I could spare and bought the best doll I could find, at a large discount. When I laid it beside her she was delighted beyond expression.

“ ‘Can this be mine, all mine?’ she said, in a loud whisper.

“It seemed too good to be true. After a little she laid her plans to take it to Heaven with her, fearing, as she said, ‘there might not be any there.’

“I was not there when the bird-soul winged its flight from the poor, broken cage.

“Calling shortly after, I found the doll clasped in her little arms; her last thought evidently was to take it with her to Heaven.

“Years after the father came to see me. In the

prison Jesus met him as truly as he did Saul on the Damascus road, and with the same result. Said he: 'I just believed the Lord would save me, and He did.'

"Now he is doing Christian work among his old comrades—making up by zeal what he lacks in learning. His hope and prayer is that his wife and child will 'not be afraid of him' when he meets them on the other side.

"By what strange pathways many will enter into life!

" 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' "

* * * * *

Tears stood in many eyes when this little story was finished, and discussion followed concerning the terrible ruin caused to families by the drink habit.

Of this, however, no record was kept.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Chief Cause of Homelessness.

One drinking saloon in a community means rags and misery for some of its people, and Sixty Thousand Saloons in the nation mean rags and misery multiplied Sixty Thousand times. Universal happiness and peace cannot exist in the same land with the saloon any more than peace and safety can exist in a sheep-fold when a wolf has entered it.—C. A. Stoddard.



MY friends," said David Porter at the next meeting, "we were all greatly touched by the pathetic story of little Emma and her cruel death. It gave us a revelation of a terrible truth. It shows us the Upas tree that shakes down its deadly fruit, in almost every community.

"If you will pardon me (it seems to be expected that I will lead in the discussion) I will give you the result of my study. It is always wise when a ship is wrecked to find the rock or reef that caused the disaster, and if possible, build a lighthouse there. What causes the ship-wreck of so many homes? What is the name of the sunken reef on which these homes are daily driven and broken? And why are we called to gather up, as we walk on the beach, their terrible wreckage of life and love? I answer, without fear of challenge—the American Saloon. I am aware our

industrial conditions are not the best. I know some would say that the workman is underpaid, and this drives him to drink. This doubtless has a baneful influence; but still I feel the liquor traffic is the chief enemy of the home. I have noticed that the man who carries his wages, however small, to his wife and children, keeps the little birds in the home nest, but if the wages go into the saloon, the family will soon be broken up. When will our workingmen learn the truth of the old adage, 'You can't eat your cake and keep it, too.' Hear me, oh, my brother! (I now speak to the toilers of the world.) The dimes you push across the counter to pay for what will poison your brain and palsy your hand will be gone forever. They ought to buy a dress for your wife and bread for your children—but they never will. Oh, for the love of God, my friend, in the name of hope and reason, I implore you to turn the prow of your family ship, lest you strike the awful reef, and home and wife and children shall be to you forever lost. The men who are finding family homes for the homeless children tell us that most of these little waifs are unloved and hungry because of the drink that wrecked the home. Sometimes the apparent cause is divorce; but this was the result of drunkenness. Sometimes their unhappy condition is due to desertion; but drink had drowned their parental love and made desertion possible. Sometimes early death of parents throws orphans on the hands of charity. A few questions will reveal the truth that the parent died before his

time—he was slain by the Giant Drink. Alas, alas! that our streets should be lined with the dens of Bluebeard, and that society should permit him to crush out the life and hope of millions. If this evil increases and the King gets drunk (we, the people, are his majesty), what will become of the nation? A place where the brain is poisoned, the body is polluted, virtue is bartered and crime is taught, is surely the cavern of death, from which blow the fierce winds that threaten to dash our National Temple into a mass of ruins. This is an imminent danger. Where shall we look for safety? I have a hope that in the near future the intelligent moral citizenship of the nation will rise above partisanship, break away from the bondage of greed, and, recognizing that this evil is unpatriotic, with the single motive of keeping our flag from dishonor and saving the nation from death, shall smite this Giant on the neck with a Damascus blade, and once again David shall slay Goliath.

“When I was a boy it was a common thing to hear of a bird that stole the nest of another. The robber bird has a stronger wing and a sharper beak. In this way the mother is either slain or driven away, and the birdlings fall bleeding and dying to the ground.

“Turn your thoughts from the desolate nest; recall the story you heard about poor little Emma, and fix your mind on that ruined home in the attic. On the ground floor is the lurking place of the cruel bird. He invades the nest up under the roof.

His victory is complete. When we look again the mother is slain, and the child lies bleeding at the foot of the stairs. Had there been no saloon down below, there would have been no broken hearts and limbs above. The most logical solution of the causes that led to the great strike and the resultant loss of life and property in Chicago a few years ago was given at the time by one of the leading newspapers. It said the names of the two responsible parties, those who bore the most guilt, were 'Old Crow' and 'Sour Mash.'

"I said the saloon is unpatriotic. How can that be shown? A patriot seeks the highest virtue of all the people. Anything that arrests the growth of childhood into good citizenship, and lowers the standard of manhood so that we have less virtue and less intelligence among the people, must, without controversy, be lacking in patriotism.

"I have only this to add," said he. "It is evident that the American Saloon is a menace to the child and the home, and thus a terrible source of peril to the State and the Nation. Bunyan's Pilgrim found that the lions lying beside his path were chained, but this lion is unfettered. Apparently the man who sold this father the drink that made him a demon is *particeps criminis* with him, in the slaying of his child. And is there not, at least, a moral guilt resting on the community that permits such a waste of health and life? I confess I see no sure path of deliverance at

present. While we wait for light, let us lift our voices to heaven and cry, day and night, 'Oh Lord! how long, how long.' "

Jim Donahue remained after the rest had gone. Turning to him, Mrs. Porter said, "Well, Jim, how is the baby?"

"Oh, foine as silk. I used to think there was no bye loike the little Apostle, but shure he's no match for our Dinnis. As a frind of moine used to say, our little bye is the 'only dint in the pan.' But Mary is having a good deal of bother about his mate. It is hard to find anything he will kape. This mornin' I tould Mary some dirictions I saw in an ould paper. It read, 'As soon as the babby lets go of the bottle, unscrew its neck and lay it aside in a cool place. If it don't agree with it, bile it.' "

"Unscrew the neck of Dinnis?" said Mary; "shure, I won't do that. Bile my little bye? Why, that would be murther, Jim."

"Donahue, you are the same wag you always were," said Mrs. Porter.

CHAPTER XIX.

Be Patient With the Boys.

Patience is a virtue for which there is no substitute. There is often no other way out of a difficulty than the way of patience. Nor is it a way which any one need be ashamed to take, for our Lord recommends it: "In your patience, ye shall win your souls." He knows that there is often nothing left to us but this one thing—patience.—Reformed Messenger.



BESIDE the preceding Temperance Story about little Emma, the only other notable address was that of Mr. Porter, given at the last meeting for the summer.

"My friends," said he, "you have learned, without doubt, about our taking two little children some months ago, who belonged to the defective class. This (presenting the boy) is our son Mark. He had a club foot, but now, you see, he can walk as well as any of us. And this is our youngest daughter, Mabel. As a result of poverty and neglect the sight of this right eye is completely lost. In three years, when she will be eight years old, we will take her to the hospital and have this replaced by an artificial eye. We love them better because of their misfortune. There is in this case an added pity, and that strengthens affection. We are very glad we took them. They are sunbeams in our home. I have a hope that, by telling the public, many others may

go and do likewise. It is my purpose to study this problem of defective children more fully, and, possibly at some future time, give you a full expression of my views. This evening, for the sake of a little variety, I will speak of delinquent children—I mean children of the class of Fred Campbell, the twin boy, of whom I told you before. You will remember he had not been taught the rights of others; worse still, he had fallen under the influence of those who taught him to steal. There are thousands of children exposed to the same danger. Where shall we find a remedy? This boy, you see, has been saved through the influence of the family. This, my friends, is God's institution, and any way different from it is not equal to it. I want to make this suggestion: Would it not be the part of wisdom not only to stop paying fees to zealous officers for racing little boys and girls into Penal Institutions, but in addition, let the Judge of any Court of Record (and nobody else) be liberally paid for placing the delinquent child himself, and watching him, in a good family home. This, I am persuaded, will cost far less money and save many more children. Our one aim should always be to build the Commonwealth, by withdrawing as many as possible from the lower strata and lifting them into the higher and purer walks of life.

“This question of the best way to deal with delinquent children is closely allied to that of dependent children. A poor family often lives for a time in a

border-land between these classes. Something happens. Perhaps the mother dies. The last strand of the rope is broken. The home is fallen. The children separate. One boy, who is found in the house, is taken by some friend, who, for the love of God and love of the child, carries him to some good family, and he is saved to the State. His brother, no worse, is found on the street. He is arrested as a vagrant, perhaps the same day his mother's coffin is laid in the grave, and hurried into a Reform School, where he is likely to be caught in the penal machinery, and lost to the State. Let us not congest any dangerous elements when it is possible to scatter them. As you would not add to a pile of apples already too large, so please do not add any more to the piles of boys and girls in Institutions; but take the better boys away from worse boys, and the better girls away from worse girls—for separation is the true philosophy and the only hope.

“The Superintendent of one of our Voluntary Societies engaged in placing children in family homes told me he had a letter one day, asking him what steps must be taken to place two children in the Reform School, whose ages were five and seven years. (They could not be admitted under eight years, and I wonder if we would not have more good citizens if the age limit of admission was raised to sixteen years.) The Superintendent said to me, ‘That letter made me mad. Handing it to one of my

assistants, I said, "Please take the first train. If possible, get these children released to our Society, and when the way opens, get them adopted by good families; and I would like to kick the man that wrote the letter." "

"To my mind," said Mr. Porter, "his anger was justifiable. It was what the Bible calls 'righteous indignation.' The very proposition was an outrage to civilization. Just think of it, ye rational men and women! think of sending boys, in short pants, from a country town to learn crime from older boys—street arabs from the city! Of course, I cannot say positively; but not unlikely the writer of the letter, or some friend of his, wanted to use the Superintendent as a free bureau of information, that he, or his friend, might secure large fees for starting the boys on a career of crime. And, incidentally, let me say we should stop at once trying to make self-supporting any Penal Institution any more than we would a Blind Asylum. The good we reach is determined by the starting point. If we care for nothing but dollars we shall have, as a result, a great loss of manhood. If redeemed men is what we seek, let us apply this philosophy to all prisons, for old and young alike. Ultimately it will prove to be economical. It will decrease the number of tax-eaters and increase the number of tax-payers. For a time we should suffer the loss of money. Which is most valuable to a State, my friends, money or manhood? I pause for a reply."

"Manhood!" answered the entire audience.

This was followed by a loud and long continued clapping of hands. Mr. Porter, who had been sitting, here arose and proceeded with great earnestness. "I implore you never to consent—nay, I will put it stronger, I beg of you to use all your influence toward keeping children out of Reform Schools—(the very name is a misnomer)—or Industrial Schools—the same thing bearing another name. Only consent to their commitment when you have patiently tried everything else, again and again and again, and failed at last. Let that be the final resort. It is absurd to send a little boy to a Reform School simply because he stole some little things. Most little boys like to steal. This is a part of our native barbarism. Be patient with him. Teach him better. Don't put irons on his wrists; put your arms around his neck. Don't make him think Society is his enemy; make him feel you are his friend. Then he won't be willing to throw his life away. Give him a dose of the 'little red school-house.' That will awaken his intellect and kindle aspiration. Send him to a Sunday-School. That will arouse his conscience. It is the best and cheapest Police Department on earth. These stand for reason; a Reform School represents little but force.

"Surely we ought to treat a boy, at least, as rationally as we would an animal. I once kept a favorite driving horse for nine years. He had only one fault. When he saw some strange object before

him on the road-side, he would stop, throw up his head, arch his neck, and erect his ears. Did I whip him? Never. That would have been cruel to the horse and dangerous to me. He was like these boys—not wilful, but ignorant. I always alighted from my carriage, and going to his head, patted him and told him he was safe. He would take a few steps and stop again. Then followed more patting and more reasoning. Sometimes I would put my face against his. That would always win, for then he knew I loved him. Alas! how many men there are who would kindly lead a horse past a stump, yet would try to whip a boy past temptation. The whipped boy, like the whipped horse, is likely to ‘smash things’ and bring great harm to the State.”

(Again the audience cheered the speaker.)

Pausing a few moments, Mr. Porter began again.

“That horse—how I would like to caress him now, but that can never be” (the tear-drops started down his cheeks as he spoke) “seems to have run away with me after all.

“Let me go back to that statement that stealing is a part of our native barbarism, and that most little boys like to steal.” (A smile came into the face of the speaker.) “To prove this proposition,” said he, “I want every man in the audience who never stole anything to stand up.”

Everybody began to laugh. A pause.

“I am waiting,” said he.

One man called out, "Why don't you ask the women to rise?"

Mr. Porter only smiled. "Well," said he, "I am not going to be the only man on my feet." He dropped into a chair amid roars of laughter.

Rising, after a few moments, he said, "Of course I stole things when I was a boy, and so did you. We are all thinking of apples and watermelons. Some of you are likely thinking of green corn, the time you went out coon-hunting." (A Governor present called out "turnips.") "To be sure, we called it 'hooking,' but that is only another name for stealing. Remember that people waited for us to come out of our native barbarism. They were patient with us. We were not railroaded to a Reform School. Let us be rational. Let us be grateful. Let us not be harder on boys now than people were on us in those long gone years. Let us prove that the rationale of our methods have advanced and not receded. We were redeemed by the love of the home. That will be the only safe way until the end of time."

Mr. Porter, sitting down, said, "I will be glad to answer any questions any of you may ask."

"I would like to inquire," said a lady, "if in your judgment the State should abolish Reform Schools?"

"No, but they should be revolutionized. There is, undoubtedly, a small percentage of children that have such a weak moral nature, they cannot be kept in a family long enough to work a cure. The patience of

the family is unequal to the task. For these a place of detention is probably needed, where they may be taught a trade. While there they should be kept apart as much as possible, and then paroled as soon as it is safe. I would carry out the same idea as I have expressed before. You have heard me say I would not keep orphans to have an Orphanage; so I would not keep delinquents to have a Reform School. The philosophy that purifies society is the same everywhere. Congestion is a curse: dispersion is a cure. I hope to see the time come very soon, when every vestige of vindictiveness will disappear from our Institutions of every kind, for young and old. That will be the dawning of a brighter day for the commonwealth and the Nation.

“Just one thing more before we close this last meeting for the summer. Suppose our State Authorities should succeed in placing its dependent children in worthy families, what do you think would be the best use to make of the vacant buildings? My own wish would be to see them equipped with surgical apparatus for making straight the crooked arms and limbs of children. That would relieve them from a life-long bondage and make multitudes leap and sing for joy. Private charity could hardly do this for the thousands that need it. This would be a rational work for the State.

“An orthopedic surgeon told me a short time since that he once stood for half an hour and watched the

people as they passed along the street. He saw more than a dozen lame people, who might easily have been relieved, in their childhood—now it is too late. I would be delighted to see the State use some of its vacant buildings for such a beautiful charity. At small expense a world of good could be done.”

A Professor from a Normal School, who has shown heroic courage in battling for an Institution for the feeble-minded, here arose and said, “Our Home for the Feeble-Minded cannot receive one-half of the children for whom application will be made. If the State should have any vacant cottages, out of which dependent children have gone into families, I would like very much to see them used for quickening the intellect of this benighted class. That would surely put a laurel crown on the brow of the State.”

“Our time is nearly gone. Does anyone else wish to offer a suggestion?” said Mr. Porter.

“Misther Porter,” said Jim Donahue, “I would suggist that the best use to make of thim big buildings is to keep them impty. That will only cost the insurance, and once in a while a bit of paint. Fath, ye don’t have to shut up children jist because ye have thim big buildings. Shure, they seem to be yawning afther byes and girls, but Oi’d jist let thim yawn. Fath, it would break me heart and the heart of me Mary to see our bye Dinnis sint to sich a place. And Oi know the rist of yez feel jist loike mesilf. If thim big buildings are impty and must be put to

some good use, shure Oi'd say to the Shtate, *shtart a shugar beet factory.*"

The delighted audience clapped their hands at this sally of Irish wit and wisdom.

"Donahue, we ought to give you a degree," said Mr. Porter, "for you are the greatest philosopher of us all.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as a token of our love for you, my mother, wife and daughters wish to present each of you a bouquet of flowers they have grown themselves. Please follow them to the veranda. We hope to see you all again next year, and may 'the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.' "

P. S.—Since writing this Chapter the author has visited a Boys' Reform School. He asked the Superintendent what he expected when boys staid there until their majority. "The most of them will be criminals," he replied. "When you place boys on parole in good families, what do you anticipate?" "Most of them," he answered, "will be good citizens."



GRACE PLEADING FOR THE SONGSTERS.

CHAPTER XX.

Growing Into Beauty.

Take what you believe and are and hold it in your hand with new firmness as you go forward; but as you go, holding it, look on it with continual and confident expectation to see it open into something greater and truer.—Phillips Brooks.



WO more years have brought their lights and shadows into human life and have been written on the roll of history. Grace follows the college when it removes to the city, and there, joining interests with another, it becomes Milwaukee-Downer.

Ruth Willard, having graduated, has gone out of her room, but will always be a part of her life. Ruth is devoting her time largely to charity work, bringing ragged boys and girls from the lanes and alleys into the Free Kindergartens. She still cherishes the plan she revealed at the Porter fireside, more than three years ago. The Disciples waited in Jerusalem until "endued with power." Ruth wants to be fully equipped before she enters the responsible work of the Children's Home Society. Waiting is often time gained instead of lost. Even now she is learning useful lessons—lessons which all laborers for children must some time learn. Every day reveals to her the social evils resulting from a crowded population. She

has had many object lessons in child nature. In this way she has stored away much useful knowledge that never can be written in books. She has another reason for waiting. Her parents, though this charity commends itself to them as one resulting in the highest benefits to the child, the family and the State, are yet very reluctant to have her make the sacrifice. They see that this work falls under the general principle, viz., "to save any class you must put yourself in their place." This law is universal. We call it vicariousness. Christ became a man to save humanity. John Howard spent a good deal of his life in prison that he might bring joy to the prisoner. Florence Nightingale left her charming home and endured the hardships of the Crimean campaign, that she might relieve the wounded and dying. The sweet ministry of Clara Barton confirms this universal law. The men and women who gather up the stray lambs and carry them in their arms to waiting shepherds and shepherdesses, are wanderers. Having attractive homes, they make themselves homeless to rescue the homeless.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard saw all this clearly and were doubtful if Ruth should make this sacrifice. Ruth waited for enduement and her parents' consent. Both will come. Only wait with patience. Like your namesake, you will some day glean many golden sheaves from earth's broad harvest field.

As the Willards live in the city, Grace comes to

their home as often as her faithful discharge of duty will permit. Arthur Willard has been to Ruth very much the same kind of confidential brother as John has been to Grace. It is a beautiful thing to see brothers and sisters who are lovers also. She should gain courage from him, and he should learn gentleness from her. Arthur, who is two years older than Ruth, is a junior member of a large manufacturing firm. Ruth has one sister and two brothers, younger than herself. The Willard home, like that of David Porter, was sweet with the atmosphere of Christian life and love. The family should be like an apple-orchard, each tree aromatic with a wealth of pure white blossoms in spring-time, and loaded with ripe fruit in the autumn. When the Christian home and Christian College combine their culture, the resultant ought to be, and usually is, a regal man or woman. Grace has made the most of her opportunity. She has not simply been diligent in her studies, but all her mental powers have been energized so that the intellect "walks on its high places." In the small Colleges the personality of the Professor is more potential than is possible in the great Universities. As Plato was a second edition of Socrates, so Grace, being in a small class, received the full benefit of this power of individuality. Education is not so much a storing away of facts, as a development of the mental forces for mastery of all knowledge and every kingdom. Better still, the evolution of her moral nature

had kept pace with the growth of her intellectual powers. She knew science. She loved God. Her speech and manner alike revealed her possession of those gifts and graces which are the greatest charm of her sex, and which have their best expression in that royal word—womanliness.

It is now the month of June. Commencement day is at hand. The Porter family, all except grandma, arrive the day before. She sends her love and benediction. Of course, they are guests of the Willard family. Plymouth church is crowded to the doors. The essay of our heroine reveals, as in a glass, the depths of her loving nature. Snatched from death herself, she would shield, as best she could, every living creature exposed to harm. Every nerve and artery seems to throb with sympathy. John, Mark and Mabel were very proud of their sister. Surely, a pride like theirs is sinless. David and Pauline Porter were thinking gratefully of that day when they first folded her in their bosom and called her Grace, because she was the gift of God. They have their reward.

To please the reader, we will give her graduation essay in the next chapter.

Tears stand in the eyes of her father and mother when Grace finishes. There is, besides, a beautiful light on their faces. "Their smiles wept and their tears smiled." After congratulations, Grace and her double—not in face, but in heart—walk to the home

of Ruth together. Reader, watch them as they pass. The whole city could not show you two brighter jewels of womanhood. Now recall their history. Ruth was born into a good family: Grace, by adoption, came into one equally as good. Here are the results. Environment has done its perfect work. Behold the victory of fatherhood and motherhood! Does some one mention heredity? Who can say but that of Grace is as good, or even better, than that of Ruth? What is heredity? Who can explain its influence, or trace its pathway? There are two streams converging at the birth of every child. Go back a generation, and four more streams are added. Which of these six ancestors will stamp the life of the child? Heredity is a forest full of winding paths, where everybody loses himself. Environment is an open field where you can mark the growth of every plant and the blooming of every flower. "He who runs may read" this truth—good citizens are the evolution of good homes—the best citizens are the evolution of the best homes.

Toward night Arthur Willard and Grace Porter are seen walking together along the winding paths of Lake Park. When they enter the Willard home at sunset each face is illumined by a look of joy. What was said that day only the summer winds could tell. On the early train next morning the Porter family go back to the old farm-house.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Plea for Our Birds—By Grace Porter.

*There the thrushes
Sing till latest sunlight flushes
In the west.*

—Rossetti.



HAT would the world be without song? Destroy its music, and life would lose its inspiration, and its very soul. Let melody be hushed and the musician be silenced, and all the beauty of existence will be lacking. But far more wonderful than man's song or story is the voice of nature's children, the songsters of the treetops, the angels of the forest. Without these tiny creatures the spring-time would lose its glory, the summer its crown. The winged splendor and celestial melody of these artists of the air have inspired the genius of painters and stirred the hearts of poets. What creature of earth or air is more wonderful, more beautiful, more glorious than the singing bird?

Have you ever been awakened by the gentle tapping of a robin on your window pane? Listen to the merry strain of morning greeting! Does he not say, Cheer up! Cheer up! Then, joined by a crowd of

comrades, he pours forth his very soul in a strain of cheerfulness and contentment; the ardor increases, the chorus swells, until a host of sweet musicians break forth into a very symphony of song.

To watch the life and habits of a bird is most interesting. How careful he is in the selection of a site for his residence; how assiduously he builds the snug little nest; how jealously he resents all interference in this construction. And what can surpass the tenderness and affectionate care of the mother-bird, as she guards her little ones from any approach of friend or foe? How distrustfully she eyes all advances; how piteous are her cries when some cruel giant disturbs her quiet home, and steals from her her dear ones. Where is the heart so hard, or the hand so ruffianly, that its owner will rob a bird's nest? How funny and pathetic are the struggles of the little ones as they trust their feeble wings for the first time to the treacherous air. How ardent the efforts of their parents to teach them the A B C's of that lesson, which will at last lead him into the heavens. These are the most familiar traits of our feathered friends, but no less wonderful because familiar.

One of the most marked characteristics of a bird is his quick and refined instinct. No foe will pass his keen scrutiny undetected; no friend will long remain unknown. This gift is furthered by fine intelligence. Almost human is the birds understanding. Tricks of fun and fancy mark their daily life; they have a

sense of humor and of sympathy; they know how to become impatient and to quarrel; they know how to restore peace and ask forgiveness. A student of bird-life is taught by never-ending lessons; before these little imitators his own life stands reflected as in a mirror.

The bird's most prominent virtue, however, is his innocence. True, these tiny creatures have their faults. The robin and the bluebird are destructive; the swallow is noisy and disagreeable. But recall the words of Whittier, "How like are birds to men," and you will forgive these faults. Yet even the birds' imperfections are overcome by his greater usefulness. Aside from his gift of song, he is a most practical factor in the economy of nature. Nearly every plant and tree that grows swarms with insect life, which preys upon its foliage and threatens its very existence. But no flying or crawling creature can escape the sharp eyes nor the horny beaks of the little birds, who find their living there. Working busily from morning till night, they are the very protectors and preservers of our vegetation. A great Frenchman says that "were it not for the birds, human beings would perish from the face of the earth." However true this may be, it is certain they are friends to be valued, honored and cherished.

But towering above every other faculty or gift is the birds' wonderful power of song. Listen to the sweet-voiced thrush, the bird of solitude, the king of

melody. Nature possesses few sounds so sweet, so pure, so serene, as his gentle notes. Flutes and flageolets are Art's poor efforts to recall that softer tone. It is simple, but very wonderful. It might be the prayer of a seraph; it might be the Angelus of some lost Convent. It is a sound so marvelously sweet that it seems like the very music of heaven. God has entrusted to his tiny creatures a gift so matchless that we are amazed before its power.

Is not then the bird-life wonderful? Is it not a thing to be guarded, cherished and held as sacred? Yes! say the bird-lovers; but from the world without comes a deep voice of protest. The man must have his amusement; the woman must satisfy her vanity; the collector must further the interests of Science. And so the gentle songsters are decreasing! and so the sweetest music of nature is perishing! Why? Listen for your answer to the sound of the rifle in wood and forest. Go nearer, and see the gentle fluttering wings, the heaving breast, the bright eyes closed in a martyr's death. Can you then congratulate the marksman? Can you tell him he is a "good shot"? Many hunters have confessed a return to their better selves as soon as the prize was won. In what does this short-lived madness differ from the sudden passion which impels one to lift his hand against a brother-man? And what of the collector, who proudly displays his hard-earned trophies—the fair white eggs, the quaintly dotted Curios? Has he

not taken life? And he who imprisons the joyous, flying creatures, and shuts them up within hard walls, against which the fluttering wings are flung in vain—what shall we say of him? Can he deny the bird's inalienable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" Oh, that we might not descend to harm those weaker than ourselves! Oh, that this world had more humanity and more heart!

At last, after years of suffering and torture, the bird is finding friends. The pigeon-shoot, for many years the horror of humane people, is on the wane, and artificial birds are now used to satisfy the desire for sportsmanship. Public sympathy is gradually being awakened, and the bird is better protected and cherished.

But still the sweet songster is not safe. Every year, in vast parks filled with shade trees, with every condition perfect for their attraction, thousands of these tiny creatures are decoyed. The trees are covered with pitch; the bird is entrapped and held, until a brutal hand shall tear it from its prison, put out the sight from its eyes, and destroy its sweet life of song. And for what is this vast waste of God-granted life? Ah, alas! for womanhood. It is to satisfy her vanity. It is that the poor, dead body may shine among her tresses—that its gay plumage may enliven the creations of her milliner. Every year five million birds must be caught to satisfy the caprice of American women. In one month a million bobolinks were

killed near Philadelphia. In Florida the mother birds are shot upon their nests, while they are rearing their young, because at that time their plumage is prettiest. After pitiful, unavailing cries the little ones must perish. If a bird's body is not wanted, the wings are torn from its quivering body, and the suffering, tortured bird is left to die a painful death. What a disgrace to our womanhood! How can she enjoy the beauty bought at such a price? How can she sanction such a fashion? It is sad enough to turn our murderous weapons against the gentle ox, who trusts us, in order that we may supply the needs of our body; but the indiscriminate slaughter of beautiful birds of song, simply to minister to a strange and barbarous fashion, is enough to make the most long-suffering lover of nature cry out in grief and pain.

Let us go out into the woods and watch the pure, free, happy life of the little bird; let us listen to the wonderful songs which he trills out of the depths of a joyful heart, and then let us ask ourselves again the question, Shall such a life be slain for me? When we have settled this question for right and for humanity, then shall we attain to a nobler conception of Nature, and a higher communion with its God.

CHAPTER XXII.

Pauline's Prophecy Fulfilled—John Becomes a Soldier.



Courage in danger is half the battle.—Plautus.

*'Tis more brave
To live than to die.*

—Owen Meredith.

FOR a third of a century the United States enjoyed, in its fullest measure, the blessings of an unbroken peace. But now for many months, by looking toward the South, a careful observer would see a little warcloud, rising, as it were, out of the sea. Weeks pass. The cloud is larger: the cloud is blacker. A rumbling is heard. It is the voice of the thunder. A flash of light is seen. It is the lightning of conflict. The Nation waits with bated breath. Compromise is tried. All is vain. An honorable senator, who has visited Cuba, rises in his place, and addresses the American Senate. The Nation listens. In manner he is as unimpassioned as if giving an address on agriculture. This very self-restraint quadruples the effect produced. It is not the man, but the terrible facts, that are speaking. A wave of indignation rolls over the land. A feeling of horror seizes the nation.

A cruel master is trampling on the prostrate form of a whole people. Slow and deliberate starvation is inflicted on helpless women and children by the hundred thousand. This is not war, but murder. The unavoidable happens. The captain draws his sword. The commodore calls his marines to quarters. No one is strong enough to chain "the dogs of war." The feeling of brotherhood rules the hour. The battleship Maine is destroyed by the explosion of a hidden mine. Scores of wounded sailors are struggling and dying in the waves. The authors of this dastardly deed are unknown. That does not change the effect. Peace is now impossible. A war for humanity is declared. The die is cast.

It is a strange coincidence that most of our wars begin in the spring. Lexington is fought in April. April sees Fort Sumpter fall. The war with Mexico begins on the Rio Grande, in May. April 21st, 1898, the President declares war against Spain, in the name of humanity, for the freedom of Cuba. Seven days later Wisconsin sends three regiments of her trained militia to Camp Harvey. John Porter is a private soldier. The flag that waved above the school has stirred his heart. The study of his Country's history has deepened his love for the flag. He drank in Patriotism, as from a fountain, in the home-life.

April 22, at the Armory, the Captain says to his company, standing in line, "If the call comes I am going to the front. Who will go with me? Those

who volunteer will stand in the ranks. The rest will step to the rear." John, with most of the company, stood unmoved as a rock. He has crossed the Rubicon—he will enlist. His resolution is known at the farm-house. It is a solemn moment. The parents recognize the danger that hides in the camp and walks openly on the battlefield. They regret the necessity, but recognize they should not object to have their son respond to what he thinks is a call to duty. Mr. Porter is planning to serve the State in the forum; it would be inconsistent if he should interfere when his patriotic son desires to honor the State by service in the field. The hardest battle is fought in the inner chamber of the mother's heart. John is the apple of her eye. But she has the spirit of Spartan motherhood, and after a night of conflict her patriotism prevails. The parents sign their consent that their minor son shall enlist for the service of the Nation. Though they would not confess it, even to themselves, both are proud of their manly boy. Mr. Porter says he will not forget the 28th day of April, 1898, even if his life should be prolonged to a hundred years.

About Eight O'Clock in the morning the bells in the village begin to ring. This is followed by the screeching of the factory whistles. It is the signal to gather at the Armory. The mother takes leave of her boy at the home. Mr. Porter declares that parting is lithographed in his memory. John is dressed in

full uniform. He is a fine specimen of heroic young manhood. Standing near the door, he says, quietly, "Goodbye, mother."

She throws her arms about his neck. She is trying to be brave, but just for a moment her courage wavers. She was heard to say, "Oh, John, John!" It was the agonizing cry of the mother-heart. It lasts but a moment, yet it is long enough to make a revelation—a mother has (unconscious to herself) just a trace of extra tenderness for an eldest son. He stoops down and kisses her tenderly. She unlocks her arms and is calm again. Through the window she catches a glimpse of her patriot boy as he hastens to the Armory. The rest of the family (except grandma, who has given him her blessing) follow him to the train. Before noon the special pulls out of the great throng, the bells and whistles cease their din, and the people scatter to their homes.

"Oi'm afther thinkin'," said Jim Donahue to Mary, "Oi'd loike to go and help whip thim Spaniards. Yez remimber we were married on Independence day, and me heart always did bate for the ould flag. Our fathers fought and bled and died, and why shouldn't we fought and bled and died?"

"But phwat will become of Dinnis and me, Jim?"

"Very loikely Oi'd be back in foive or six months. Thim Spaniards can't shtand up before our byes very long. They haven't larned much but Catechism, and shure that is no match for 'rithmetic. Our byes are

intelligent. They will fight for the oppressed, and the God of humanity is always on the soide of liberty. I shpoke to Misther Porter, and he will look afther the eighty, and will tell a hired man about the crops, and keep up the finces."

"But, Jim, they won't want you in the ranks. They want young men."

"I know that, Mary, but I will go and handle the tints, or drive a tame. Somehow, Oi feel in me bones that the little Apostle will need me, and you know how both of us love the bye. Betwixt me love for the flag, the love of me fillow-men and our love for John, Oi would loike to go, me darlint."

"Oi'll be very lonely, Jim, and so will Dinnis; but fath, Oi'm proud of me brave man."

Jim went with John on the special train to Camp Harvey.

The stay of the regiment at Camp Harvey was very brief. They were hurried to Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Georgia.

It is now evident to everyone that there was too much haste, and too much crowding. The result might have been foreseen. The great enemy of all armies, in all history, has been typhoid fever. This smites the strong and athletic, as it were, with the breath of Sirocco. It is only a brief time until the tidings of epidemic and death fly to the North-land. It is a summer of terrible anxiety. It seems for a time as if John's regiment will never do anything in

the field except drill and die. But in July an expedition is organized for Porto Rico, and his Regiment is hurried to Charleston, South Carolina.

Dewey, with his brave seamen, has destroyed one fleet at Manila, the 1st of May, and a second Spanish fleet has just followed in the path of disaster at Santiago. It is believed that the capture of Porto Rico will end the war.

John makes a rapid march with his regiment to Ringold. Jim has charge of their "tints." A special train takes them to the seaboard.

The regiment remains several days in Charleston, waiting for the transports. With the rest, he endures that terrible practice march for miles over cobblestones, under the burning sun of July. Parents up North will never quite understand how a sun-stroke in Charleston could fit their boys for better service in Porto Rico. John is quite overcome by the heat, but he is brave and keeps his place in the ranks. Now their waiting is ended—they are aboard, and pass famous old Fort Sumpter. Here the first guns were fired in the war of the Rebellion. The memory stirs their patriotism deeply. For many days they are out of sight of the land. Ice and medicines are very scarce. There is a great deal of suffering. Many are down with fever—some are dying, and some are dead. Who shall say it is not as patriotic to face death in a hospital, or on the deck of a ship, as it is to do the same thing on the battle-field?

CHAPTER XXIII.

Donahue and Pauline Save John's Life.

The love of a mother is never exhausted; it never changes, it never tires.—Washington Irving.



POR TO RICO is reached and the anchor is cast. The Spaniards flee before the Regiment lands. The natives are friends instead of foes. Our soldiers are pelted with flowers instead of bullets.

One night Jim strolls into John's tent. Their duties keep them apart most of the time.

"I'm glad to see you, my old friend," says John. "I wish we could be more together."

"Fath, and that is jist phwat Oi'd loike. How are yez, me bye?"

"I haven't been very well, Jim, since that fearful march at Charleston."

"Jim, I had some letters from home to-day. It is so long since I heard from the dear ones, these just made me shout for joy."

"Was there any word from me darlints, Mary and Dinnis? Shure, me heart is as hungry as a greyhound," said Jim.

"I have," said John, "one from papa and another

from Grace, with postscripts from Mark and Mabel. The best ones are from mother. Jim, I am just learning the height and depth of her love. I find she is with me all the while, and if I am ever inclined to yield to these strong temptations of camp-life I seem to see a look of pain written on her face, and then I am a man again.

"I will read some parts of her last letter.

" 'My dear John:—There seems to be some trouble with the mails, and we have no word from you yet, except the card written just before you landed. My heart is so restless, I want to fly to my boy. I wonder if there can be a mistake in the geography, and if Porto Rico is not on the earth at all, but away off on some star. But I will try to possess my soul in patience, and see what to-morrow will bring. Mrs. Andrews was in. She is almost heart-broken. Her brother was among our troops at Santiago, and is among the wounded—near the heart, the papers say.

" 'I went to church yesterday morning. It was too much for me. The pastor prayed fervently for our soldier boys. Then, for a voluntary, the organist played very softly, "Just Before the Battle, Mother." I do not think many of the people knew the words, but they have been lingering for thirty-five years in my memory. My brother, who was a soldier in the war of the Rebellion, sent me the music-sheet from his camp. I hope the organist will not play it again; it sets my heart a-bleeding. We are all well. Papa,

Grace and the children have all written you lately. Little Dennis runs over every day to see if we have any word from you, and asks about his papa, who has "gone to whip the Spaniards." He says his mamma is well. Papa says, "Tell Jim his crops are very fine; the hired man is taking good care of the farm, and he needn't worry a bit about anything here. John, I almost believe'"—(Here John stopped and said, "Never mind about this.")

"Let's have it, bye. If you don't read it Oi'll think something is wrong, and Oi'll be in dreadful suspense."

"Well, it wasn't meant for you, Jim, but I guess it's about the truth. Mother says, 'I almost believe it was a wish to see you get back safe that took Jim to the army. He is a noble fellow. If you should be sick, trust yourself to him and wire your mother, and she will come anywhere.' " (For once Jim was, as he would say, spacheless. Tears stood in his eyes.) " 'May God bless and protect you, my dear boy, is the prayer of, MOTHER.' "

John's regiment keeps slowly following the retreating Spaniards for several days, until the enemy makes a stand near Coamo. The marching is heavy, and the camp is deluged by rain. The Spaniards now occupy a position of great strength. Our picket line is strengthened. John is placed in the most dangerous part of the line, and discharges his duty like a veteran. He sees Swanson and Voight, of the Sparta Company, when they fall in death, struck by

an enemy's shell. He is waiting in line of battle with his regiment, when an officer, riding in haste, announces the signing of the protocol of peace between the nations. The tidings come at an auspicious moment. Another day of waiting would have resulted in a terrific battle, with its awful roll of wounded and dead. The next day our soldier boy, with the nervous energy that results from the presence of danger now removed, yields to the insidious attack of typhoid, and lies in his tent, burning with fever. Jim goes at once to the commanding officer. Saluting, he tells his story.

"Shure," he said, "Oi love the bye as if he were me own. Oi've been watching over him since he was two weeks old, and me naybors would niver forgive me if Oi should niglect him now. Shure, Oi've set me heart on taking him home to his mother. Yez will not need either of us now to hilp against thim Spaniards."

His wish was granted. He at once impresses an old man, with a rickety little cart and a weary horse, into the service of Uncle Sam. Making John as comfortable as possible, and walking beside him, they make the journey, by slow and painful stages, to the sea-shore at the port of Ponce. Fortunately, a transport is about to sail. Before night, the next day, they weigh anchor and are among the billows of the great deep. John is now delirious, and when awake, almost constantly talking about his home and mother.

Again he is driving the dog-cart to school with Grace by his side. Sometimes he is talking to his father about the cattle; and anon he is telling some of his boyish troubles in the sympathetic ear of grandma.

Jim places him in a hammock and watches him, day and night, as patiently as a mother watches her suffering babe.

"Phwat do yez think about me poor, sick bye," said he to the doctor? The physician shakes his head.

"A very bad case. Only the best of nursing will bring him through."

"Shure, he'll get that while Donahue is able to shtand. Doctor, Oi *must* see the bye back in the ould home."

"If you ever do, it will be the result of your faithfulness," said the physician.

For several days and nights Jim might truly have been called a guardian angel. He seems to be always beside the hammock. His ministry of mercy is as patient and tender as though he had been a woman.

"Oh God," he silently prayed, "shpare the poor sick bye so the hearts in the ould farm-house will not break intirely."

God hears the prayer of faith. "He healeth the broken-hearted." John will live.

The ship is nearing her harbor. The next day Jim has John borne carefully to a separate room in a hospital at Fortress Monroe. At once he telegraphs to David Porter. The answer is signed, "Mother," and

reads, "Buy John white roses for me. Will come first train."

Next morning, when he wakens, a bunch of roses as white as the love of the heart that sends them, and their petals aromatic with the love of God, lies on a little table beside his pillow. The card, fastened to them by a dainty little ribbon, reads, "A present from your mother." The grateful boy places them to his lips, and realizes her presence. A few tears of joy tremble over the lids, and roll down his cheeks. Not a word is said, as the patient must be kept quiet. Presently, with the trained nurse beside him, Jim in another room, waiting any call to any duty, and the roses touching his cheek as they lay on the pillow, he falls into a sweet and peaceful sleep. The crisis is past—the soldier boy will recover.

As soon as the Limited will bring her, Pauline Porter reaches the hospital at Fortress Monroe. Soon after, by the doctor's permission, she sees her son for a few moments. Two days later she releases the faithful Donahue and he hurries to his loved ones, waiting for him in the West. After a few days more the mother is permitted to sit beside her boy, for an hour at a time. In about three weeks they leave the hospital, and without any incident worthy of mention, reach their home in safety. A quiet spirit of joy, in which gratitude is the pre-eminent feature, pervades the household. Mark, taking Grace aside, whispers, "How much John looks like a mummy."

Considering the pinched features and the discolorment resulting from medicines and the climate, it is not very strange that the boy should think of the resemblance.

John's recovery is rapid. There is nothing like home to paint roses on the cheek.

* * * * *

The day after David Porter is elected to the Senate the family hold a conference. John reveals to them his desire to study medicine; that, as a thank-offering to God for sparing his life, he wishes to devote his labors to the relief of his fellow-men. His parents give their full approval. Mr. Porter has a sister living at Beloit, Wisconsin. They agree that next fall he will make his home with this aunt, and spend two years in special studies at Beloit College. He will then take a full course at some Medical College, in Chicago. This winter he will take charge of the farm while his father goes to the Senate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Senator from the XXXVth.

Find out a law of nature and work along its lines for the improvement of man and success will crown your efforts.



DAVID PORTER has long aspired to a seat in the Senate of the State. He has diligently prepared himself to adorn the position. He is prompted by the highest motives. He longs to see more humanity crystallized into law. He desires, above all things, to see better methods in the administration of Charity. He is, first of all, a noble citizen. He is, to a certain extent, a party man. He favors one party rather than others, because their platform declares for principles which his judgment approves as patriotic and moral. In local affairs he always votes for the best man. In State and National elections he casts his ballot for the best principles. He always votes, and puts his conscience into the ballot-box. The time seems auspicious, and he quietly lets his friends and neighbors know that, while he will not battle for the nomination, he would feel it an honor to be their Senator. The public recognizes both his ability and his integrity. When the best citizens want a good man they get him. There was

no contest; the intelligent tax-payers know who they want, and make themselves heard. The trading politicians see the "hand-writing on the wall" and are silent. (Oh, that this silence might be perpetual!) Mr. Porter is triumphantly elected. He leads the ticket. Character and ability determine the result. This is in November, 1898. He will represent the thirty-fifth District.

* * * * *

A week after the opening of the Legislature, in January, 1899, Senator Porter rising, and being recognized by the Lieutenant Governor, says, "I wish, Mr. President, to have read the following joint resolutions." His paper was quickly carried to the Clerk's table, by a page, and then the President of the Senate said, "The Clerk will read the Joint Resolutions, offered by the Senator of the Thirty-fifth District.

The Clerk read as follows:

"Be it resolved by the Senate, the Assembly concurring that the Joint Committee on Charities and Penal Institutions be and is hereby requested to formulate and present to the two houses, as soon as possible, one or more bills designed to improve the condition of all unfortunate classes; and which shall emphasize the great underlying principles which 'make for righteousness.'

1st. Let there be a recognition of the truth, written on the face of creation, that all human beings should, as nearly as possible, be placed in families.

2nd. Let us by law make it as difficult as we can to get children of sound mind and body into Institutions, and as easy as possible to get them out and into the best families.

3rd. Let us signalize our entrance into the next century by the adoption of some efficient plan, which shall make it illegal and impossible that anybody, hereafter, shall be appointed to any position in any of our Charitable or Penal Institutions as a reward for political service."

The resolutions went over under the rule. A few days later, Senator Porter being recognized by the chair, spoke as follows:

"Mr. President and fellow Senators! I hope it will not be considered an improper thing for a new member to address you so early in the Session. If there be any such foolish precedent it should be disregarded. If we are in sympathy with these Joint Resolutions we should so inform the Committee, as soon as we can, as they should receive very careful consideration before being enacted into law.

"The first thing we should emphasize is that the family is the best place for all classes and conditions of men. Of course all changes recommended by me cannot be secured at once. We should, however, make a beginning without delay. Let us show our wisdom by conforming to the Creator's plan. In my judgment we should substitute little cottages for the great institutions, where the State now confines the

Insane. Then they could be separated into families. This would, without doubt, inure to their benefit, physically, mentally, and morally.

“The family idea should also prevail to the fullest possible extent at the Reform Schools. The adoption of the parole system there deserves our approval, and we should encourage those in charge to extend and strengthen it to the largest practicable limit. And the delinquent children, who must remain in Reform Schools, ought to be separated into very small groups; and these classified with the greatest care and wisdom. Then in these little families let their hands as well as their heads be taught. Let their little hearts be captured by love. In a position like this we need a man whom the Creator has made expressly for the place. This work of redeeming boys and girls is holy work. The family idea could be introduced, I believe, to great advantage in our State Prisons—by enlarging the cells and have only two, or possibly three, work together in their cell. Here again the most careful classification will be indispensable. This family philosophy is not an experiment—it began with the race. Let us not close our eyes to what is best in creation. Let us catch the thought of the Infinite. Let, us, as nearly as possible, build the State on the divine plan.

“Mr. President, I proceed to the second Resolution.

“In this I feel a very special interest from the

fact that we have received into our family four homeless children. These, though not a drop of our blood flows in their veins, are so dear to us that, rather than part with them, we would give up everything we possess in this world. We ought to make it as difficult as possible to put children like these we have adopted, in any Institution. We were childless. Thousands of families are blighted in the same way. These intelligent, worthy families ought not to be deprived of a grand opportunity. Let these childless homes take these homeless children. It will save the child and ennoble the family.' Only let the little ones follow the promptings of their nature, and the wee feet will take what we used to call a 'bee line' into some family.

"Senators, let us be done with red tape. We did have a law that put a premium on shutting up children for the State to support. I believe an attempt was made two years ago to cut off the fees to local officers that used to be an irresistible temptation. Let us ask our Committee to strengthen this law, if it has been found too weak, so that the evil may be plucked up, root and branch."

CHAPTER XXV.

Senator Porter Concludes His Speech.

What a glorious future awaits us if unitedly, wisely and bravely we face the new problems now pressing upon us, determined to solve them for right and humanity.

—Wm. McKinley.



HAVE in mind a case where a Poor-master refused to let a good family adopt a bright little girl of six years, and then took the child himself to a State Institution, to be a burden to the people of the Commonwealth. He took his wife with him. I saw them on the journey. They chose this time so that on their return they could stop over a day, and be present when their daughter graduated from College. I had a curiosity to examine the records and found that the County was taxed almost \$35.00 by this cormorant, that they might enjoy the pleasure of seeing the young lady take her degree. One-third of this amount would pay the expense of this journey. This is only the beginning. It will cost the State hundreds of dollars more before they are free from this burden. Had it not been for the fee-system, the child would have been adopted without cost to the public.

“Let us make it impossible, if we can, for a man to charge up his family expenses to the tax-payer, and use a poor child as his opportunity. Let the State protect itself, as far as possible, from such shameless greed. I am glad to commend the Governor and Board of Control for bringing about a great decrease in the number of dependent children kept at public expense. We should still further strengthen the placing-out arm of this service. We are coming back to the original purpose, viz., to use these buildings at the State School chiefly as a ‘clearing-house.’ There may always be a very small residuum of unattractive (not defective and not delinquent) children that no family will receive. These may have to be kept in an Institution. As for the rest, the sooner they go out the better. Why do I say this? Not to criticise the management; I believe that to be good. Wholly because their detention is terribly expensive and the philosophy is radically wrong. Let us thank our authorities for this new departure, and go forward to still better things.

“I am persuaded that the State and the Voluntary Societies can co-operate fully in home-finding—the State because it has the longer purse, taking the undesirable class; and the Societies educating the people through the pulpit and the press. Even now, as a result of their pleadings, the State is finding more and better homes than ever before. It is a blessed and beautiful thing to see benefactors ‘dwell

together in unity.' Let us rejoice that this consummation has been already reached.

"Now on the Third Resolution

"Mr. President and Fellow-Senators: I speak to you, but my words are intended for the people of the State, and the Nation. It may not be very objectionable to appoint an inexperienced man, for partisan reasons, as Keeper of the Public Property, or Game Warden, for human life and welfare are not trembling in the balance. Even for positions like these, however, we ought to have, to use the language of Theodore Roosevelt, 'men as clean as a hound's tooth.' I know the people in my District are beginning to ask why we cannot have trained men in Charity work, as we have in the Postal and Consular Service of the Nation. Are letters and commerce more important than the happiness of human beings? If the former calls for an expert, shall we commit the latter to a novice?

"Some months ago I was on a train with one of our State Officers. I took occasion to commend the appointment of a Superintendent of one of our Charitable Institutions. I remarked, 'That is an excellent appointment, for the appointee has ability, character and experience.'

"Said he, 'Do you know, we have never learned that man's politics.' ('There, said I to myself, is that old ghost of Banquo come to the feast again.')

"Aloud I replied: 'Please do not try to find out.

Surely, it makes no difference whether he has any politics. He knows how to give the best care to the unfortunate committed to him, and certainly that is enough.'

"Let us never forget that our Charitable Institutions are for our poor, bleeding and bruised fellow-men, and not to furnish positions for partisans.

"It is said an English sea-captain once asked the King to appoint him Bishop. Laughable as this may appear, I dare say our Governor could tell you of requests as comical as that. Let everybody listen to this proposition. Neither the Governor nor President owe any political debts. The executive office is a trust designed to give the people the best possible administration of public affairs. He is not Secretary of Associated Charities to give away food and clothing, but a dispenser of Justice, and the strong friend of the poor and broken-hearted. The Executive does not want charity patronage. He would be glad to be delivered from the persecution of unfit men, who demand recognition. I am indifferent in what way we get relief—by the appointment of a non-partisan Board, on the Civil Service plan, or some other way; but let us secure a speedy escape from this terrible incubus.

"Senators, let us bury this cruel and costly spoils-fetich before we cross the boundary line of the New Century. Being an optimist, I expect an evolution toward rational methods, and a golden era in philan-

thropy. Would it be strange when that glad day comes, when the weak and suffering among our citizens shall receive what belongs to them, viz., the services of those who toil for love and not for pay, whose hearts are tender and hands are skillful—I say, would it be strange if our children's children look back and laugh at us because partisan workers (without any training) ask for positions in penal and charitable Institutions, for the reason that they are Irish, or Swede, or German? How does this differ from appointing a sea-captain to be a Bishop?

“Senators, let us in some way relieve the Executive from this persecution. He has higher and holier work to do. I have been speaking as a good citizen to good citizens. If we look at this matter only from the low ground of party benefit, I would still say this is the wisest policy. An army is not weakened, but strengthened, by sending away the camp-followers; and a ship will double its speed by scraping off its barnacles. I have no individual in mind. I have no purpose except to secure the highest good to all our citizens. My heart has been in all my words.

“Fellow Senators, I thank you for your courtesy to a new member. Let us write another bright page in the history of the century, before this book is closed forever.

“Mr. President, I have finished.”

“Shure, I am proud of me naybor,” said Jim Donahue, as he called at the Porter farm-house, a

few days after the Senator had delivered his maiden speech. "Oi read his spache in the paper, and, fath, it made me remimber phwat little Dinnis said. He's very shmall loike, but me Mary has him drissed in pants. One day he said to her, 'Ma, the nixt time won't yez shpank me pants before me puts them on?' O'm afraid there was no one insoide them pants whin Mither Porter laid on that shingle."

Mrs. Porter, smiling, said, "Jim, this I know. My husband has a burning desire that we may have the greatest mercy shown to the children who are homeless, and older people who are helpless. His heart will bleed at sight of even a bird with a broken wing, and Grace, the dear girl, is exactly like her father."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Social Mistletoe.

The institution under the best possible management must continue to care for defective children, and give temporary relief, but it is unfitted to raise citizens who will be pillars in a grand commonwealth.

For this larger sphere it has no adaptation—it is too crude, crippling and costly, LET IT PASS.



THE next day after Senator Porter finished his speech he wrote a long letter home, in which he gives a fuller expression of his views. We reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

“Jan. 18th, 1899.

“My dear Wife:—You have, of course, read about my maiden speech in the Senate yesterday. It is too early to predict the result. My associates listened with great attention. I trust a new impetus was given to the social revolution that is sweeping over the country with great power. I am glad to learn that our State Public School for Dependent Children has been so diligently placing them out in families, the past two years, that the number there has been reduced one-half, and those remaining count only a hundred and forty. I am told by those in control that this number will be still further reduced. I also learn that the Superintendent of our Reform School

for boys has greatly strengthened the placing-out arm of his work, and more of the delinquent class are paroled in good families than ever before.

“As Mr. Davis will soon make his annual visit to our church, I will let him tell you what has been accomplished by the Children’s Home Society. Perhaps you have not heard that the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church in our State have incorporated a Society, called the “Lutheran Children’s Friends Society.” They employ two agents and have an office in the Germania Building, Milwaukee. They have already placed in Lutheran families about half of the orphans that were formerly crowded into their Orphanage at Wittenberg. Hereafter they will place their homeless children directly in their own families.

“The Roman Catholic Church has caught the progressive spirit of these humane times, is beginning to open the doors of their Orphanages, and soon will place all their bright, healthy children carefully and quickly in the circle of their best homes. It is a healthy symptom when we see the Orphanages depleted, and this work relegated to the family, where it belongs. A friend tells me he has often, when in California, found a bunch of mistletoe growing on an oak tree. It is an abnormal development, what is known in scientific language as a parasite. Applying this illustration to society, we may easily see that the oak represents the State, the limbs are the families, the twigs are the children nurtured in the families.

What place has the Orphanage? No natural place at all. Philosophically it is a *social mistletoe*.

"It is my belief that our State, as well as some others, is so wedded to the oak that we will never fall in love with the mistletoe. The Great West seems likely now to escape the blight and burden of 'institutionalism.' Going eastward, we shall soon find proofs of our great deliverance. For example, look at Ohio with its fifty County Dependent Homes. These appear to have been built up by the power of imitation. Other Counties have one, and to be in fashion we must have one, too. If they would limit their work to the defectives—since nothing better seems possible with this class—these County Homes, well managed, would prove a blessing. If for any reason, in a few cases, we cannot employ the branch to develop the twigs, perhaps the parasite is better than nothing; but let us never resort to the mistletoe, where we can make use of the oak and its limbs. Let it not be said, in Ohio or anywhere else, that it is needful to take a child to an Institution to fit it for a family. God has made him ready for domestic love and life. If you remove a little tree from the forest, the quicker you transplant it in your yard the better. If you can complete the removal in an hour, that is best. So the child has tendrils that will take hold of the new home, at once. Every day of waiting, if you must transplant a child, is not a help but a hindrance. He will take root better to-day than

to-morrow. There is nothing to gain, and very much to be lost, by delay. Dropping my figure, let me say in plain words, when anyone has a homeless child in his hands, let him only wait long enough to cut his hair, give him a bath, put on a new suit and then take him to a good family for adoption, before the sun goes down. * * * Go farther east, and the incubus is still greater. The climax of Institutionalism is reached in the State of New York. During the year ending September 30th, 1895, almost Thirty Thousand children were cloistered in so-called Homes in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. This is approximately one in every two hundred of the population of the entire State. It looks as if the mistletoe is trying to be the oak. It can be safely said that such a condition is a curse to Society. One of these Institutions has more than Two Thousand Children (this is a church Orphanage). Most of them are there simply because they were hungry and homeless. Think of it! Two regiments of little boys and girls, guilty of no offenses, shut up as if they were criminals, within a city that claims to be in the forefront of civilization. Still worse, this Institution has been in the habit of demanding and receiving vast sums of money from the State Treasury by successive acts of the Legislature. The plan is to have a crowd of children so as to give occasion for demanding large sums of the public money, and thus, the more poor children they

can capture and keep, the larger the revenue, and the greater the profit. Who receives the profit? That inures not to the benefit of the oak, but of the mistletoe. Not only should all public subsidy be cut off, but great aggregations of children, growing up to be dependent, should be recognized as an element of danger to the State. The Legislature of that State and every State should make it a criminal offense to rob thousands of innocent children of the life and love that belongs to them by the laws of the Creator. Oh, that the good citizens of the Empire State would hear the cry of these little captives, break down legally these doors, and let them go out to make glad the hearts of the childless! Too much mistletoe for one oak, though it be large and strong! New York ought not to be too old to learn. On this subject of dependent children she can gain wisdom from some of her younger sisters in the West.

“What could be done for those thirty thousand children? Suppose five thousand of them are defectives. Suppose five thousand more are delinquents. Could good family homes be found for twenty thousand children now cloistered in the City of Greater New York? A conservative estimate would give that State a million family homes. If every tenth family is childless, there must be one hundred thousand families of that class alone. If one out of every five of these would receive a single child, the problem would be solved, without going outside of the State and utilizing only childless homes.

“How could the cost of placing them in good families be met? The current expenses of maintaining these Institutions (not counting any interest on money invested in buildings) is more than two million five hundred thousand dollars annually. If what is thus used for six months were spent in placing twenty thousand in family homes, it would give an average of more than sixty dollars a child. This would do the work well and maintain a careful supervision afterward.

“Why is this not done, when it would be so economical and be such a blessing to the children? The answer is plain. Those in charge are not planning for either economy or the highest welfare of the children. The Managers want something to manage; while to those who are employed it has become a kind of a second nature, and they would feel lost without their pet Institution. In some cases this inhumanity goes on the name of humanity, because a church is given precedence over the State. What about the good citizens whose money is wasted to cripple these children in mind and heart, and prevent their becoming good citizens? Oh, they are busy with other things; and they are so accustomed to this sort of robbery, they hardly give it a passing thought. It seems as if nothing short of a social earthquake would ever waken up the people of New York to the wrong and waste of institutionalism. My heart bleeds for these twenty thousand poor children,

who could and ought, at once, to be placed in choice family homes.

“Excuse me for writing so much on this subject and so little of other events. You know I have consecrated my powers fully to the rescue of friendless children, that they may be an honor to the Commonwealth. Give my love to all the family. If there is any marked change in mother, *wire* me at once. Tell her I will be home the evening before her birthday, next week, and spend the day with my family. Speaking of Grandma reminds me of a little story I have just read in a paper. It will be of special interest to Mark and Mabel, and so I send you the clipping.”

GROWING A GRANDMOTHER.

He was a wee little man, only three years old, but very brave, courageous, and uncomplaining—more courageous and uncomplaining than any one knew, for though he was only a baby, he had trials to bear, says the New York Times. The family had gone to a new country in the far West—the mamma, this little man and the sister, a little older.

It was a very new country, very different from the cities in the East, where they had left many friends, relatives, and, nearest of all, a dear old grandmother. The mamma was so busy in her new home that she had little time to devote to the babies except to see that they were clean and well fed. So the little ones were lonesome, sometimes, as mamma found out

one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

The little three-year-old had been very busy and very quiet, making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness of purpose that, fearing the little fellow was planning some mischief, she went to see what was being done.

The hole was completed when she reached the spot, and in it had been placed something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground—an old daguerreotype, a picture of the dear grandmamma at home.

“Why, baby,” exclaimed mamma, “what are you doing with this?”

“I fought,” said the little man, with a quivering lip and all the pent-up loneliness of homesickness in his voice as he tried to explain, “I fought, maybe, if I planted it, anozzer grandma would grow.”

2d P. S.—It is assumed as an axiom in this letter that it is unjust to deprive any one of family life unless he is dangerous to Society. We have no more right to imprison a child who is harmless than we have to imprison a man who is neither insane nor criminal.

Affectionately,

David.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Bird's Egg Used for a Text.

The family should be the place where all are doing their own part to bless all the others.—J. B. Lee, D. D.



OUR narrative takes us back to the last days of "sweet and sunny May," 1898. John is at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park. It is Saturday morning, and Grace, who is Assistant Principal of the High School, is at home with her mother, sharing the joys of household work. A noble girl can best reveal her nobleness by the loving help, unsought, she gives her mother. To-day Mark and Mabel have no use for the dog-cart, which by inheritance came to them from Grace and John. They have a promise which fills them with delight. Grandma will go with them down to the meadow and take a stroll, beside the brook. They will hold the buttercups to each other's chin and laugh to find they both like butter. They will hear the bobolinks sing. But, best and sweetest of all music, they will sit down in the daisies, and listen to the quiet talk of Grandma. It is something of a task to give this pleasure to the dear children. Very slowly she walks, with a child holding her hand on either side. Soon after passing through

the gate into the meadow a bird flies upward, just before their feet. Mark says, "Wait, there's a nest. Grandma, you and Mabel sit down beside it a minute. I will run to the fence and get a stick."

He was gone. (Reader, you will remember when he could hardly walk at all. Surely, charity hath the greatest of all dividends.)

In a few minutes he returns and drives the stick beside the nest.

"Grandma, Mabel and I know where there are a dozen nests. I mark them so we can watch the little birds bye and bye." The boy drops down in the grass beside the nest, and with the flowers blooming at their feet, and a white, rainless cloud hanging like a canopy above their heads, this aged Prophetess of the Lord preaches a little sermon that will linger forever in the memory of the children. She holds her text in her trembling hand. It is a little speckled egg.

"See, my darlings, how God loves the beautiful. No human artist can rival this painting. See how the colors blend. And the arrangement of the little spots, what order they show. All the boasted wisdom of man cannot make this delicate shell, or curve it into this oval form. Inside, in embryo, there lies a birdling waiting its release. We must not stay here too long, or it will never come forth—the shell will be its coffin. When we go away the mother-bird will fly back. She is watching us now, sitting on yonder tree-top. She longs to return. This longing we call

instinct. It is the thought of God in the heart of the bird. She wants to be a mother. She wants birdlings in this nest. So she will sit and wait. In a few days the eggs will be gone. You have seen so many nests, you know already. The birdlings cannot see for a while, but they can hear. They will open their mouths very wide and the mother-bird will feed them. God says, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' He must have been thinking of little birds. All of these wonderful things couldn't just happen. This egg proves there is a God. He loves order and beauty. He has wisdom. He has power. *He is love.* Just open your soul-mouth, children, and God will feed you. We must go now."

A robin, on a low bough overhanging the brook, chants the Doxology, and the service is ended. Before they have gone a hundred feet the mother-bird is sitting in her nest again.

"What a funny girl Grace must have been," says Mabel. "She used to call this side of the brook a beach, and said she 'loved to see the lambs a-wanderin' on the beach.' Oh, there are the lambs now, Grandma, running races over there in the pasture!"

"I am glad we live in the country," echoed Mark, "aren't you, Mabel? I wouldn't like a hot, stuffy city."

Thus they talk and ramble on and on. Bye and bye a new thought strikes Mabel, and, taking off her shoes, she wades in the brook. Grandma sits down

to rest. Mark wanders here and there for half an hour. Then he comes bounding back, and with a smile he places a crown of flowers on the head of Grandma. It was platted of daisies, with meadow violets between. Then they kiss this, their "Queen of the May." Folding an arm about each, she whispers, "May the Shepherd guard these lambs evermore."

The dinner-horn calls them home at noon. The peace of heaven dwells in their hearts, and the glory of the sunshine rests on their heads. A good many things of interest happen that summer and autumn.

Arthur and Ruth Willard spend half of August as guests in the old farm-house. Jim Donahue and John are now in Porto Rico. Anxiety for them gives just a touch of sadness to the home-life. The story of their sufferings was told before, and need not be repeated. Mary and Dennis welcome their hero back from the war. Later, Pauline Porter returns with John. The joy of the family is unrestrained, as when marriage bells are ringing. Still later, David Porter, after a canvass without a scandal, is elected Senator from the Thirty-fifth District.

For weeks Grace has been at her desk, and Mark is in his usual place at school. Mabel stays at home this term, and, a few days after Pauline Porter returns with John, is taken by her mother to the Milwaukee Children's Hospital. A painless operation follows, and the sightless eye is replaced by an artificial one.

Mabel, as happy as a bird, returns home early in December.

* * * * *

From far and near the children of Margaret Porter gather on Christmas Morning. All the living are there. (Who shall affirm the invisible are absent?) They know it is the last time. Like Elisha following Elijah, so they walk with mother to-day beside the Jordan. She will soon cross over and they will be left. Tender hands bear her to an easy chair at the head of the table. All instinctively bow their heads, and in a low, sweet voice Grandma says grace.

“Lord, we thank Thee for Thy goodness which crowns the year. May we trust Thee. May we be grateful. Hear and answer, O Lord, Thine hand-maiden, as she asks that all these, her children and children’s children, may come at last where the Christ has gone, and ‘Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.’ ”

The family fellowship is sweetened by the presence of the Lord; and though there is a tinge of sorrow (the “valley of the shadow” was visible just before the feet of the dear Grandma), the communion of loving hearts is still very delightful. After dinner, Mrs. Pauline Porter says, “Mabel will give us a charming little poem she repeated last night at the Christmas gathering in our church.”

Modestly the child renders these lines, from the
New York Evangelist:

"Some things in this world
Seem tangled and mixed,
The threads of a skein
All knotted betwixt,
And how to unravel them
Who can pretend?
Yet all will be evened
By Christ in the end.

A glorified Angel
May sleep in that child,
The girl that is barefoot
Disheveled and wild.
Oh, for a mother
This lambkin to tend!
But all will be evened
By Christ in the end.

A hero immortal
To rank with the great,
May hide in that Arab,
Who plays at the gate.
Oh, men! to the rescue,
Like Christ, condescend;
Know all will be evened
By Christ in the end."

Reader, have you ever been called to turn your

foot-steps away from your birthplace, having for the last time looked in the living face of mother?

The author recalls that hour, and after more than two decades of years remembers it, at this inoment, as the darkest Gethsemane of life. Even now, as in a vision, Margaret Porter sees "Him Who is Invisible," and seeing there is no room for tears. Tenderness rules the parting hour. Few words are spoken, for speech, too, seems out of place. "The deeps are forever silent." One by one the children and grandchildren of Margaret Porter come to her bedside, as the sun is setting, drop on their knees, feel the gentle pressure of her arm about their neck, and hear her whisper, "Farewell, my child. In my Father's house are many mansions. Meet me there."

As each looks back a moment from the threshold, he sees a celestial light—beholds, as it were, "the face of an angel."

When all have gone, and only David is sitting by her side, she quietly closes her eyes. He thinks she is falling asleep. A few seconds later her lips part and she slowly calls this roll of names: Father, Mother, Albert, Almon, Miranda, Maria, Delia, Lina.

Is the roll complete? All except the names of the living. One brother (Albert) had left the earth-life more than forty years before, yet he too, like Moses and Elijah, has come back to this new Mount of Transfiguration. Her son sees nothing. His "eyes were holden." She was looking through the gates.

She has vision illimitable. The radiance has passed by. Her eyes open. "David!" "Mother!" The mansions are not yet ready. The call will come. She will patiently wait.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Transfiguration of Margaret Porter.

I desire to be so trained by the experiences of this life as to be fitted for any service in any world.—Prof. J. J. Blaisdell.



FOR some weeks the eye of watchers could mark no change. She told David to go to his place in the Senate.

"I am proud," she said, "to know that my son will serve the Commonwealth.

"Mother, your wish is law."

He was gone.

One day, when the pastor called, he raised his voice a little (her hearing was now heavy), "Mrs. Porter, do the truths of the Gospel support you? Are the foundations firm?"

"For seventy years, since I was a girl of ten, I have daily lived a life of trust. That anything *could* fail me now has never entered my thoughts. I have not even prayed for dying grace. I know not what is best. 'All the way He leads me.' I simply ask Him to send me what I need. He knows."

* * * * *

It was the evening of January 25th, 1899. David Porter came on the evening train. To-morrow will

be her birthday. Her pilgrimage has lasted four score years.

* * * * *

Thursday morning dawns—a perfect winter day. Grace and the children go to school, as usual. It was her wish. She wanted all to discharge their duty. They could show her no higher mark of respect. Is heaven a place of rest? If so, this was a heavenly day in the dear old home. There was quietude everywhere. The dog ceases his barking. The cattle forget their lowing in the barn-yard. The neighbors dropping in speak in whispers. John, who has charge of the farm this winter, is coming and going. David Porter and wife are watching to see the ‘chariot and the horsemen thereof.’ Grace, Mark and Mabel come home from school. Jim and Mary Donahue call at the going down of the sun. They bring a gift of eighty white rosebuds in the form of a wreath. Pauline takes it within and lays it on the pillow beside her. It is her coronation day. The hours pass slowly by. The hand points to nine o’clock. They all stand a few moments beside the bed. Her son repeats the words, “I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you.” Her lips part. She speaks in a whisper, “He has come.”

“Papa and mamma,” says Grace, “please take Mark and Mabel and go to bed. You are very tired. The change may not come before to-morrow. I will stay with her until one o’clock. John will take the

morning watch." They consent and lie down to rest.

As each in turn touches her forehead with loving lips, her only words are, "I am *so tired*."

* * * * *

The noble girl is alone, and yet not alone. "The Chiefest among ten thousand" is by her side. She has fellowship with the Infinite. The hours pass on. At 11:30 she still sits watching. Margaret Porter is sleeping quietly. Very slowly the wraps that cover her rise and fall. Presently Grace realizes that this movement has ceased. The chariot has come and gone, and though watching, she saw not the glory. She looks at the calm face illumined by a smile. She understands. The soul has passed into the beyond. The transfiguration of Margaret Porter is complete.

"I am glad they let *me* watch," says Grace, as she goes to waken her father, mother and brother John. Mark and Mabel will not know until morning. Then for the first time they will stand face to face with the great mystery.

* * * * *

The date is January 29th, 1899. It is a clear, sunlit Sabbath. The earth is wrapped in a bridal robe of immaculate whiteness. The clock strikes three. The neighbors are quietly gathering in the old farmhouse. The rooms are filled. Some of the children are here. Others live so far away, they cannot come. It matters little, for they were here Christmas. They could not see *her* now. She has gone to her kingdom.

Ten minutes later a hush falls on the people. The sweet voices of a quartette begin to chant the triumphant verses of Muhlenberg.

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm hovers dark o'er my way."

It had been her favorite hymn.

Comforting selections of scripture fall like music on their ears. The pastor speaks briefly. The sermon is rich in spiritual thought. It has its key-note in the language of Job, "All the days of my appointed time I will wait till my change come."

"The true Christian life is a patient waiting 'till He come.' Waiting does not imply idleness. 'I say unto you, watch,' said the Master. A change is coming. For those who patiently wait there will come a crowning day.

"This life was an embodiment of the text. She waited—all her appointed time—she waited. Her change has come. 'She beholds the King in His beauty.' "

The Shepherd fed his flock that day. All listen and follow the pastor's thought, save two. These are Mark and Mabel. They are living in the past. They are down by the brook. The daisies are at their feet. They hear the robin sing. They see the little speckled egg in her hand. They have not forgotten her words, "This egg proves there is a God. He loves beauty. He has wisdom. *He is love.* Open your soul-mouth and He will fill it." They are receptive,

they are feeding now—not so much on this sermon, which hearing they hear not, but on that wonderful one, that lives in their memory, coming up from the bird's nest down in the meadow.

Again the choir are singing. It is another favorite.

“One sweetly solemn thought

Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,

Than I have been before.”

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The cemetery is reached. The hand of Pauline rests on the arm of her husband. Grace walks with John, and Mark with Mabel. Next after the relatives come Jim and Mary. It is their rightful place, for Mary always loved the children, and Donahue saved the soldier's life on the sea. They stand now beside the couch where her weary body will rest. Branches of hemlock cover all the sides. The green is a prophesy. It seems to whisper immortality. The casket is lowered. The sun is setting. His glory crowns the western hills. “I am the Resurrection and the life,” says the pastor, in a voice scarcely above the breath of the wintry wind.

David, Pauline and John have turned toward their sleigh. The company is leaving in groups. Almost unnoticed, Mark and Mabel step forward, and Mark, drawing something from under his coat, drops it quickly into the “narrow house.” Grace sees the movement, and looking down, she sees Donahue's

wreath of roses resting above the unthrobbing heart, and a chaplet of daisies, with violets between, above the peaceful head. This had been bought by Mark and Mabel with their hoarded dimes. It spoke of their loving gratitude.

Years before Mrs. Porter had said to her son, "Take these homeless children, David—they will complete your family."

* * * * *

They are back in their beloved home. They do not think of her as dead. It seems as if she might at any moment come out of her chamber, and sit again in her easy chair. If anything is unreal, it is her casket and her grave. As for her, her life, herself—she was never so real, so manifest, before. They will always see her face and hear her voice. Margaret Porter is not dead—she is only transfigured.

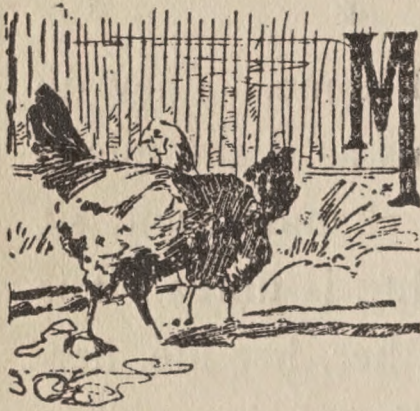
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It is ten o'clock at night. The tired children are sweetly sleeping. "Their angels" guard their bed. The passing winds are whispering in the tops of the elms. The roof of the farmhouse is touched by the radiance that falls from the milky way. There is "Peace on earth."

CHAPTER XXIX.

“Lest you forget we say it yet.”

Nothing in a human way is more precious than a mother's love, and next to a mother stands one who in all sincerity has heart-love enough to take a mother's place toward an orphan.—J. M. McNulty, D. D.



MR. PORTER arranges with his pastor to have Mr. Davis present at the prayer meeting, on the evening of Wednesday, February 15th, 1899. He wants him for his guest on the following day. A notice is also sent to all who feel a special interest, and they gladly come. As usual, the pastor gives Mr. Davis a good deal of time to emphasize the philosophy, and also the benefits to the community resulting from the work of the Children's Home Society. This is an outline of his address:

Nearly 200 children were placed in families last year by the Society—800 in all.

As many more were placed out from institutions because of the Society's parallel work compelling it.

Very many more were kept from institutions and from dependency because of raised sentiment and enforced laws.

There is better physical, mental and moral care of children in institutions—reforms effected.

Higher ideals have been established as to early care of children—all children—in homes or out.

It is easier to find good homes now than five years ago, because of the Society's way of work—hundreds of families apply for children now, to tens before.

Eighty thousand dollars, at a low estimate, as a result of our work in this State, was saved last year in the care of children alone, not to speak of prevention of vagrancy and crime, and their immense cost.

The progress of the Principle and Method amounts to a social revolution, in the care of dependent children.

Twenty-four states of the Union are organized for this work—many statesmen are officers.

A distinct movement has sprung up among the Roman Catholics, led by Archbishop Ireland, to place children in families without passing them through an institution.

The United States government puts out the young Indians from its schools, in good families for training and care.

Booker Washington's main work is to teach the negroes to build a two-room house—a better moral home for their children.

Several countries have recently adopted this principle and method. Germany cared for one-fourth of all its dependent children in that way last year.

Massachusetts cares for all its dependent children by this method—has no state institution for them.

All honorable men who have had actual experience in the care of such children favor this method.

Many judges commit now to this Society, who formerly sent children to public and private institutions.

The committee of the Milwaukee County Board of Supervisors, reported after thorough investigation, three of the committee being Catholics and two Protestants, that the Board must "*get the children into homes as soon as possible.*"

Over 500 supervisors have passed this resolution in their respective boards, that the Children's Home Society offers "the best, most humane and most economical means of caring for dependent children."

PRESENT PLATFORM.

The platform of the society is: That no parent, guardian, officer, or judge of court has the moral right to commit a dependent child to any institution, while a good family is ready to receive that child as their own. A child should never know a day when it has not a home and a mother.

The reasons are these:

The child needs the family home.

The family needs the child. There is no escape from the logic that if God put the two together by nature's laws, the family needs the child, just as much as the child needs the family.

Society is saddled with vast and needless expense through the sending of the dependents to institutions—ten times as much as through giving them

family homes. Why spend \$10 to do a thing in the wrong way when \$1 will do it in the right way?

The State is saddled with an increase of dependent children. The state or county that places its dependent children immediately in families decreases the percentage of such children. The state or county that sends them to institutions increases the percentage. Compare California with one dependent child under 12 for every 223 people and Michigan with one to every 10,468 of its people.

The best homes will not take these children after they have been registered and committed as public paupers.

The Divine law commands that "thou bring him that is cast out to thy house"—not to a public barrack to be left to the care of hired servants.

The home training *only* guarantees good character and good citizenship in the child when adult, and the State has a right to defend its future by putting such children in good families.

LOCAL BENEFIT.

Contributors should know that \$10 given to this cause goes as far as \$100 given for the care of children in any other way. That what is given one day goes to place a child the next, as a child is placed every other day throughout the year. That the money does not go into brick and mortar, fuel and food, but into the slight cost of transfer of the child into its new family home—into the saving of the character and soul of the needy one—an eternal memorial for a temporal gift.

And now, my friends, let me take you more fully into my confidence, and tell you a little about a book, that will soon be issued. You will read it of course. It is called "Grace Porter; a Jewel Lost and Found". In it the author relates real events. He has a plan which enables him to stocking a good many truths and hang them up before the reader as on a Christmas tree, which could not be made so attractive and readable in any other way.

You will recognize the scene of the coming story. It is laid in this neighborhood. The Porter family are averse to the notoriety, but are willing to have their domestic history told, for the sake of the good that may be accomplished. The same is true of others whose names appear—they have all given their full consent. Mr. Edwards (in this story) is one of the agents, under an assumed name. You have already guessed that Mr. Davis and the author are the same person. He might as well be frank and confess it. The story about Jennie and Agnes is true. The story of Fred and Charles is also true. You know these young people well. They are all here to-night. The lady who appears as Mrs. Hamilton told this pathetic story of repression of the child-nature to the author. He has read the printed rule for training children not to cry. A matron of an Institution used the very language ascribed to her in chapter Seven. Our agent made the proposition in good faith to take all their children, and his offer was not considered. A

similar offer has been made by our Society to another Orphanage, with the same result. He states the facts and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The author has spent many years in the work of child rescue. He has been led to study carefully the great problem of the homeless child. This involves a consideration of many things including, besides the child, the Institution, the family, the father and mother, law and legislation, mental and moral training, and above all the building of the Commonwealth and the Nation. It is his firm conviction that all Institutions for the care of the dependent child of sound mind and body, and not criminal, should change their methods at once. It is cruel to herd any children that worthy families of the highest type are not only willing but eager to receive. Let this class go out immediately to commune with nature, and know parental love. Instead of these let Institutions, both public and private, receive the defectives. Great numbers of this class remain unsheltered. Some barbarous lands, (like India and China), have no pure family homes. There, but nowhere else, the Institution is best equipped for the culture of childhood.

This book will teach the importance of selecting the family who is to train the child, with the greatest care and judgment, and the need of prudent visitation afterward. In a relatively small number of cases there are limitations in the mind or body of the dependent child that make family life impossible. With

these exceptions we dare not raise any other barrier against a home for every homeless child if we love God and love the State.

The family—we can not repeat it too often—is the true unit of society and its welfare will always measure the life and strength of the Commonwealth. This story will teach the self-evident truth that congestion of the population is a curse, and for the resulting evils dispersion is the only rational cure. It will insist time and again that contact with nature in her fairest forms is not only a benediction to the life, but an essential element in building a strong, symmetric, beautiful character.

Knowing these truths to be eternal the author has built them into a foundation and on it erected the house of this story.

* * * *

Charles and Fred Campbell come forward with their sisters to greet Mr. Davis. Agnes and Jennie Andrews soon join this happy group, and all send their love to Mr. Edwards. Mark Porter walks to his home in company with Mr. Davis, where Mabel waits to throw her arms about the neck of her benefactor.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Family Anniversary.

When we wake in the morning and recognize a change in the world without; blossoms on the trees, verdure on the sward, warmth in the sunshine and music in the air we say spring has come. It seems to me that the coming of love is like the coming of spring.—Bulwer.



THE next morning the train brings Arthur and Ruth Willard, who are at once taken by John, in his sleigh, to the Porter homestead.

(It may be best to say, in parenthesis, that the railroad had received quite a revenue from Arthur Willard during the past two years. He had visited the home under the elms every holiday, and it is believed he had invented some new holidays besides. The influence that draws him hither will soon appear. Grace, when a child, was called the "little unlocker of hearts." This power has never been lost.)

The 16th day of February, 1899, is a day of gladness to David and Pauline Porter. It is the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. Their love has grown in strength and beauty through all these years. Planning for the children, who came in out of the frosts of the world and have been warmed in their

bosom, has kept them youthful in spirit. This couple will grow old in their outer life, but they have "scattered" so much and so long they will continue to "increase" in their inner life all the days of their pilgrimage.

It did not seem wise or best to have a large company on this memorial day. The invitations are very limited in number. Beside Arthur and Ruth Willard, Mr. Davis has received this honor. (It is a common result that adopting parents, beside the child, take also the friend who brings them their treasure into their very heart of hearts.) Reader, guess who besides these three are present on this day of jubilation. The Porters have planned to make this a day wherein they would gratefully recall the goodness of God. The company would have been incomplete without the presence of their neighbors on the east, the family who live in the "swate little cottage on the hill." Jim, Mary and little "Dinnis" are there, of course.

All have left their burdens behind to-day, which is equivalent to saying it was a wise and philosophical party. Those who walk in the path of duty, as the Divine Spirit reveals the footsteps of duty, are sure to have a life of calm serenity. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

When dinner is announced they take their seats as follows: Mrs. Pauline Porter sits on the right of her husband at the head of the table. At the right of Mrs.

Porter, on the side, are seated Grace, Arthur, Ruth and Mr. Davis. Jim and Mary sit at the opposite end, with "Dinnis" in a high chair between them. On the left side are seated Mark and Mabel, with John in the center. Next to Mr. Porter, on his left, is placed his mother's arm-chair. Her picture is hanging opposite on the wall. By common consent all bow their heads a moment in silent thanksgiving. A minute later a loud rap is heard at the door. Mr. Porter, opening it, finds on the door-step a boy without overcoat or rubbers, who seems to be a stranger. His size suggests he may be ten years of age. Bringing him in without asking him any questions, Mr. Porter quietly remarks, "Here is a guest whom the Lord has sent," and at once seats the shrinking child in the chair beside him. With one accord all turn and look at the calm sweet face which seems to be looking kindly down out of the frame, on every one of them.

A few minutes later Mr. Davis says, "I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Porter for bringing Ruth here, at that Christmas time; for that led her into the work of our Society. Having been with us now nearly a year, candor compels me to say she is one of our most consecrated helpers."

"Ruth, my dear friend, are you happy in this work for homeless children?" says Mrs. Porter.

"My cup runneth over," is her modest reply.

The words "homeless children" have a singular effect upon the little stranger. He begins to sob.

Turning toward him Mr. Porter kindly puts his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying. "You are among friends, my boy. We will be glad to help you. I wish you would tell us your troubles." His words, and the look of kindly sympathy on every face, wins the heart of the child, and he tells them his story.

Briefly stated, the boy has a step-mother who wanted to get rid of him. She conspired with an officer who was looking for fees, and a charge of truancy was preferred. He had been for six months in a Reform school. From this he had escaped. He was, he said, very unhappy there, and wished somebody would give him a chance, by taking him into their home. He could hardly have found a more sympathetic audience.

"How would you like to stay here, my boy?" says Mr. Porter.

"I would be very glad."

"Would you obey and do your best?"

"Yes, I would."

"If my family do not object I am disposed to give you a trial. One thing is plain, my friends, this boy must not go back. His heart would almost break. Though I have often thought of doing this, perhaps I would not have had the courage to go and get a boy, but when this little fellow comes to us on the anniversary of the happiest day in my life, and he is sitting in my mother's chair; she looking down so gently from the frame on the wall; that is a different

thing. I cannot turn you out of doors." He waits to see if any of his family object. None of the family are deaf, but all of them are now dumb.

Mr. Porter continues, "Your silence gives consent. I will see the Governor to-morrow, and also write the Superintendent of the Reform school, and get a parole for this boy. This is what ought to be done in all such cases.

"By the way, what is your name?"

"James Patton," he replies.

"Shure, Misther Porter, that will give yez two apostles instead of wan," said Jim.

Dinner was ended, but Mr. Porter said, "before we leave the table, my wife has an announcement to make. It is very appropriate for this happy anniversary day."

Mrs. Pauline Porter speaking in a low sweet voice says, "My life has been a very happy one for all these thirty years. There has been an added fullness and fruition of joy since these children came to be a part of our thought and being. We owe a debt of gratitude we can never pay, to Ruth for leading Grace into the knowledge of Him who is 'the Way, the Truth and the Life'; to Mr. Davis who brought Mark and Mabel to be jewels in the crown of our domestic life; and to Donahue for bringing John back to us from the very gates of death. My husband and I hold these things in everlasting remembrance. And now, turning toward the future, I will be glad to aid

in any possible way to make James a noble man. Poor little fellow, he has no mother. This chair is pretty big for you, my boy, but I think I'll let you keep it. Then there will be no vacant chair. But I almost forgot, in the exuberance of my joy, what Mr. Porter asked me to say. Our daughter Grace, with our full consent, is engaged to Arthur Willard. They will be married on her next birthday, the 25th of September, out there under the elms. You are all invited now to be present. We will not give away a bride, but through force of habit, we will adopt the bridegroom, and so add another son to our circle."

Rising from the table the young couple receive the hearty congratulations of all present.

Jim Donahue says, "May yez have all the happiness ye deserve, and shure that will be enough."

In response to his sincere and hearty wish, Grace stoops and kisses little "Dinnis," who stands wondering what makes everybody look so happy.

The next morning each one of these loving friends takes up again the burden of life—made lighter by being dropped for a day.

If we could, with the wings of a bird, fly from place to place we would find Mr. Porter in his seat in the Senate, Arthur Willard at his desk, and Mr. Davis and Ruth gleaning life's harvest-field; gathering up patiently the little heads of golden grain that lie neglected here and there, which they will put in the hands of the Master when He comes again. Under

the elms Pauline Porter continues her patient work and adds new beauty to the lives of the children. (Let it be repeated again and again that good mothers are the noblest artists in all the earth.)

John is looking after the manifold duties resting on his young shoulders, as faithfully as he held the picket line before Coamo. And Grace, while waiting for the day when she will be crowned as queen of another realm, quietly holds her scepter over her present Kingdom, thinking joyfully of the fruition of all this patient labor—the glad triumphant day when these children, that now surround her, shall take their places as intelligent, virtuous citizens in a strong and regal Commonwealth.



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